

No. 19

MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY.]

NOVEMBER, 1884.

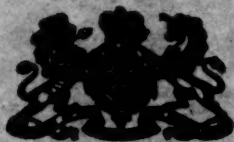
	PAGE
A CITY AND A MAN. By BERNARD WHELAN. With an Illustration	1
MRS. O'GRADY. By E. POURNE	9
HOW THE WHITE MONKS CAME BACK TO SARR. By the Rev. E. BICKERSTAFFE DREW	16
SONNETS: A BACHELOR'S THOUGHT, AND A HUSBAND'S THOUGHT. By JOHN OLD- CASTLE	32
THE OLD INNS OF IPSWICH. By the Rev. C. H. EVELYN WHITE	34
THE MODERN MARINER. By JAMES O'DONOGHUE	43
ONE POINT OF VIEW. By a MILD MISOGYNIST	49
REVIEWS AND VIEWS	55

43, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.



THURSTON'S

Prize Medal, London, 1851. Honourable Mention, 1862.
Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879, "First Award."



Established 1814.

BILLIARD



By Appointment.

TABLES

16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.
LARGEST SALE OF ANY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, and sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
Cures Scurvy Sores.
Cures Cancerous Ulcers.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck.

Clears the Blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, 11s. each, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases, BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent on receipt of 30 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

(TRADE MARK, "BLOOD MIXTURE.")

BRAND & CO'S

PRESERVED PROVISIONS
SOUPS &

SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS

ESSENCES OF BEEF,
MUTTON, YEAL & CHICKEN,
BEEF TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY,
MEAT LOZENGES &c.

SOLE ADDRESS
No 11,
LITTLE ST.
STANHOPE
ST.
MANCHESTER, W.

MERRY ENGLAND

An Illustrated Magazine.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER—APRIL, 1884-5.



OFFICE:

43 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO., EDINBURGH
CHANDOS STREET, LONDON

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

	PAGE
"Abbé" Lesueur, The. By D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR	222
Albrecht Dürer. By BERNARD WHELAN	341
Architecture, an Architect on. By GEORGE AITCHISON, A.R.A.	232
Au Revoir! By I. ASHWORTH TAYLOR	251
A Year's Art. By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE. With an Illustration of Raphael's Ansidei "Madonna"	213
Beadle's Shoes, The. By A. ST. J. ADCOCK	311
City and a Man, A. By BERNARD WHELAN. With an Illustration	1
Death of Gordon, The. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE	369
Emperor and Ex-Minister. By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE	119, 163
George Eliot. By ALICE MEYNELL	293
Gordon, The Death of. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE	369
Holbein and the Age of Portrait Painting. By W. M. CONWAY. With a Portrait of Cardinal Wolsey	285
How the White Monks came back to Sarr. By the Rev. F. BICKER- STAFFE DREW	16
Human Instincts; their Lapse and their Survival. By ALICE MEYNELL	108
Le Play, Frederick. By Mrs. URQUHART	371
Lesueur, The "Abbé." By D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR	222
Lilies of France, The. By GEORGE DANE	397
Man in Blue, The. By R. DAVEY	98
Modern Mariner, The. By JAMES O'DONOGHUE	43
Mrs. O'Grady. By E. BOURNE	9
Music of England, The. By M. F. BILLINGTON	405
Mystery of Drerewater, The. By the Rev. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.. . . .	175

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Old Inns of Ipswich, The. By the Rev. C. H. EVELYN WHITE . . .	34
Old Margaret Street Chapel. By EDWARD BOURNE. With a Por- trait of the late Canon Oakeley	357
One Point of View. By a MILD MISOGYNIST.	49
Peasant's Place in History, The. By Mrs. VERNON BLACKBURN . .	332
Poppies. By KATHARINE TYNAN	403
Popularity. By the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER . .	83
Retrospective Prosings. By EDWARD BOURNE	155
Reviews and Views	55, 125, 202, 279, 426
Robert Greene. By D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR	88
Rossetti the Elder. By A. C. OPIE	263
Selfishness. By the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER . .	364
Sir Tristram de Lyonesse. By E. M. SMITH	299
Song. By R. D. BLACKMORE	107
Sonnets : A Bachelor's Thought, and a Husband's Thought. By JOHN OLDCASTLE	32
Story of a Penny Dinner, The. By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Por- trait of Lady Colin Campbell	69
Story of a Strange Imposture, The. By FRANCIS DOUCE	391
"The Voice of a Brother." By ALICE MEYNELL. With a Design by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND	141
Young Hero, A. By MAURICE PURCELL FITZ-GERALD	420

THE
GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE:—
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

Realised Assets (1883)	£3,351,200
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,265,000
Annual Income	664,094

BRANCH OFFICES—ENGLAND.

Birmingham—18 Bennet's Hill.
Bradford—Bank Chambers, Bank Street.
Brighton—4 Pavilion Buildings.
Bristol—1 Broad Quay.
Hull—Trinity House Lane.
Liverpool—Gresham Buildings, 99 Dale Street.

Manchester—2 Cooper Street.
Newcastle—Percy Buildings, Grainger Street.
Norwich—Bank Plain.
Stockton-on-Tees—Bank Chambers.
Sunderland—37 Fawcett Street.

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow—116 St. Vincent Street.
Dundee—74 Commercial Street.

Edinburgh—97 George Street.
Aberdeen—28 Market Street.

WALES.

Cardiff—Gresham House, Roath.

IRELAND.

Dublin—3 Westmoreland Street.

MODERATE RATES OF PREMIUM. LIBERAL SCALE OF ANNUITIES.

Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions, also to Corporate and other Public Bodies upon Security of Rates, &c.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms can be obtained on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices, or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, Secretary.

"I Say Old Boy" "GET REYNOLDS' Gout Specific"

LOOK AT ME

A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

"REYNOLDS' SPECIFIC"

HAS A

World-Wide Reputation

OF OVER 70 YEARS.

.....

"REYNOLDS' SPECIFIC"

Can be had of all the principal Chemists.

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES !!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent **FAMILY MEDICINES** are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every **HOUSEHOLD**. The **PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE** and **STRENGTHEN** the whole system, while the **OINTMENT** is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these **REMEDIES**, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

Types of Beauty!

Field and Tuer,

ART

Printers & Publishers,

Ye Leadenhalle Presse, & C.

PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE,
LOMBARD STREET & CHARING CROSS, LONDON.
 ESTABLISHED 1782.

Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning are effected in all parts of the World, on favourable Terms.

Claims arranged with promptitude and liberality, this Company having already paid for Losses more than

FOURTEEN MILLIONS STERLING.

WILLIAM C. MACDONALD } *Joint Secretaries.*
 FRANCIS B. MACDONALD }

Rates and full particulars may be obtained at the Chief Offices *as above*, and from the respective Agents of the Company throughout the Kingdom.

Merry England.—Contents for November.

	PAGE
A CITY AND A MAN. By BERNARD WHELAN. With an Illustration	I
MRS. O'GRADY. By E. BOURNE	9
HOW THE WHITE MONKS CAME BACK TO SARR. By the Rev. E. BICKERSTAFFE DREW	16
SONNETS: A BACHELOR'S THOUGHT, AND A HUSBAND'S THOUGHT. By JOHN OLDCASTLE	32
THE OLD INNS OF IPSWICH. By the Rev. C. H. EVELYN WHITE	34
THE MODERN MARINER. By JAMES O'DONOGHUE	43
ONE POINT OF VIEW. By a MILD MISOGYNIST	49
REVIEWS AND VIEWS	55

SUNSHADES.

SANGSTERS' UMBRELLAS

140, REGENT ST
10, ROYAL EXCHANGE
94, FLEET ST

WHOLESALE DEPOT
- 75, CHEAPSIDE -

ESTABLISHED 1777.

PARASOLS.

EN TOUT CAS. CANES & WHIPS.

PAINTED BY
W. W. OULESS, R.A.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Etched by PAUL RAJON.

For particulars apply to F. S. NICHOLS & Co.,
14, Borough High Street, London S.E.

OLDRIDGE'S

SIXTY YEARS' SUCCESS.—The best and only certain remedy ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying or restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustaches, and preventing them turning gray. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. by all chemists & perfumers, & at 22, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C. For Children's and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and unrivalled.

BALM OF COLUMBIA



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Manuscripts sent to the Editor are carefully considered, and when found to be unsuitable, will be returned, if accompanied by a STAMPED AND ADDRESSED COVER. For any accidental loss the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

All Communications respecting Advertisements to be addressed to J. MACKEY, at the office of "Merry England," 43, Essex Street, Strand, London.

"STICKFAST" PASTE for office and household use. Large bottle, with strong book-binder's brush, One Shilling. If your stationer hasn't it, trial bottle sent direct from Factory by Parcels Post securely packed for fifteen stamps. Much cheaper and cleaner than gum. No more messy fingers or messed edges to books. *Keeps good and sweet always and "sticks-fast."* Used in Her Majesty's Government Offices. Beware of evil-smelling and worthless imitations. In gallon jars, 6s. 6d. STICKFAST FACTORY, 50, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. Established nearly quarter of a century.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Current Accounts opened according to the usual practice of other Bankers, and Interest allowed on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £25. No commission charged for keeping Accounts, excepting under exceptional circumstances.

The Bank also receives money on Deposit at Three per Cent. Interest, repayable on demand.

The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of charge, the custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. A Pamphlet, with full particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Five Millions.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with immediate Possession and no Rent to Pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY. A Pamphlet, with full particulars, on application. Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.



Young Florence and Lorenzo Medici.

MERRY ENGLAND

NOVEMBER, 1884.

A City and a Man.

ON the eighth day of April, 1492, died Lorenzo de' Medici. In his short life of forty-four years he had lived longer than almost any man of eighty. His were indeed "spacious times," yet he filled them with his great personality, and was in turn imbued with their characteristics. They were days of extraordinary versatility, and scarcely any of the great contemporary men were masters in only one art. A complete list of Lorenzo's accomplishments would be like the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He was a supreme politician, and yet he had a heart; he wrote hymns full of devotion, but also poems that bordered upon licence; he was an accomplished farmer, and the best judge in Italy of an intaglio; he was a scholar, and a racing man of such judgment that his favourite roan horse was never beaten. His architectural knowledge was appealed to by the neighbouring princes, by Ferdinand, King of Naples, and by the Duke of Milan. He "brought out" San Gallo, the perfecter of the Tuscan order; he distributed dinners and dwellings to his literary friends on Fiesole. Stern-browed Michel Angelo was his most honoured guest, and he wrote a book of jests. He was the political opponent of one Pope;

but was so pleasing to another, that his son Giovanni was made a Cardinal at thirteen, and the list of proposed Princes of the Church was submitted for his approval. He was munificent as a prince in fairy land, and he lent money like an Attenborough. His affection for his wife, Clarice, would seem to have been of a very sober kind ; but he lavished love upon his sons ; and, according to one of his biographers, he “never appeared greater or more interesting, than when playing at cross and pile with the Duke de Nemours, or rolling on the ground with the future Leo the Tenth.” Although he was the arbiter of Italy, he mingled light-heartedly in the sports of the people, and at Carnival time he might be seen in the streets, joining in the wildest fun, and directing the evolutions of the dancing girls. It was to add to the attractions of these dances that he wrote his “Canzoni a Ballo,” the curious title-page of an ancient edition of which we here reproduce. It represents twelve young women singing Lorenzo’s song of “Sen venga Maggio,” while one of two kneeling figures presents Lorenzo himself with a garland, which he seems to refuse ; thus in the fifteenth century forestalling not only the Young Englandism of Lord Beaconsfield, but also his rejection of a wreath. He pursued the somewhat pagan studies of his time with ardour ; yet on his death-bed he received absolution from Savonarola ; and he died with a crucifix on his breast.

Lorenzo’s favourite country home was at Cajano, midway between Florence and Pistoia. The beauties and utilities of the place are celebrated by the poets of the time. Here were plantations of mulberry trees so extensive that they reduced the price of silk in Florence. Thence the whole city was supplied with cheese. The woods were made gorgeous with pheasants and peacocks brought from Sicily, while quails and water-fowl helped to supply those “neat repasts” which were enjoyed by Lorenzo’s literary friends. Nearer Florence he had a house at Careggi, where was frequently assembled a company which even

according to Voltaire was "superior perhaps to that of the boasted sages of Greece."

But it is around the palace of the Medici in Florence, the palace of which a portion is outlined in our illustration, that the greatest interest gathers. There, where the subtle policies of the city and of Italy found their centre and culmination, grew up the everlasting flower of art, still charming and still fragrant. There, while statesmen plotted and counter-plotted, preparing for themselves or for their successors the inevitable revenges of the whirligig of time, wise young students and dreamers pursued the only lasting good, the only secular joy the world possesses. Cosmo de' Medici, guided by the fine taste of Donatello, had made a collection of the remains of antiquity and of the best work of his own times. This collection Lorenzo increased, and was struck with the happy idea of making it a school for the instruction of his fellow-citizens ; and to this object he especially dedicated his gardens, which he furnished with buildings and avenues filled with statues, busts, and other examples of ancient work. All this was done, in the words of the gossiping Vasari, "for the benefit of such youth as should attend there for the purpose of studying sculpture, painting, and architecture. The scheme was committed to the charge of Bertoldo, the sculptor, a disciple of Donatello. All, certainly the greater number, of these young men turned out well. Among them was our Michel Angelo Buonarroti, the glory, the grandeur, the very life of sculpture, painting, and architecture ; all of which heaven, as it seemed, designed should arise in splendour under the auspices of that illustrious man. Miraculous are the works which he bequeathed to his country and the world." As at his villa at Cajano Lorenzo made one of the earliest collections of plants in Europe which deserved the name of a botanical garden, so at Florence he instituted the first nursery for men of genius. The richer students were encouraged to work by the example of Lorenzo, and the poorer by his liberality ; for the latter he

provided the means of living, and he encouraged them with valuable prizes. "It is deserving of notice," says Vasari, "that those who studied in the gardens of the Medici and were favoured by Lorenzo became most excellent artists, which can only be attributed to the exquisite judgment of this great patron of their studies, who could not only distinguish men of genius, but had both the will and the power to reward them."

The expenditure of Lorenzo on works of art of every kind was immense. Under his influence, too, and often at his own cost, Florence was beautified by many public and private buildings. His knowledge of architecture seems to have been almost that of a practical artist; yet, as became his knowledge, he was very severe upon those who flattered themselves that they could be their own architects. "Such people," said Lorenzo, "buy repentance at too dear a rate." Francesco de' Medici was one of these would-be wise people; he built a large house at Maiano. After continually altering it during its progress, he complained of the cost. "That is not to be wondered at," replied Lorenzo, "when, instead of erecting your building from a model, you draw your model from a building." Giuliano, the son of Paolo Giamberto, was Lorenzo's favourite architect. On Giuliano's return from an embassy to Naples he was employed by Lorenzo to build, outside the gate of San Gallo, a monastery for a hundred monks; hence he came to be called San Gallo, by which name he is known to posterity. Giuliano remonstrated with Lorenzo on this alteration. "By your calling me San Gallo," said he, "I shall lose my name, and instead of being respectable by the antiquity of my family, I shall have to found it anew." "Surely," replied Lorenzo, "it is more honourable to be the founder of a new family by your own talents than to rest your reputation on the merits of others"—a doctrine more novel in those days than in Mr. Chamberlain's. In endeavouring to revive the art of Mosaic, Lorenzo employed Gherardo and Ghirlandajo on the church of St. Zenobio, and Vasari tells us that, if death had not inter-

posed, there was good reason to believe that these artists would have performed wonderful things.

But if Lorenzo was thus partly foiled in this attempt, a discovery was made about the same time which afforded some compensation ; this was the art of taking on paper impressions from engravings on copper or other metals. All honour to Tomaso Finiguerra and to Baccio Baldini, goldsmiths of Florence, who, following their own art, stumbled with all their wit on this gracious invention. What pleasure, what knowledge, what adventures in pursuit, what rapture in capture, have not etchings and engravings given us ? What study, what love, what skill of handicraft, what power of condensed expression, have they not asked for and obtained from their creators ? These have indeed given pleasure to the poor, have delighted the little ones, have found an unselfish pursuit for the rich, while surely helping to humanize Mr. Bright's almost hopeless "residuum." Botticelli made drawings for the first engravers. Antonio Pollajuoli and Mantegna carried on the art ; and in the early days of the next century, Marcantonio Raimondi, the interpreter of Raffaello, achieved a reputation which has not been taken from him.

It has been said already that Lorenzo was a judge of intaglios. Naturally he encouraged the revival of the art of engraving, and carving jewels and stones. His own splendid collection of antique examples in this kind showed what could be done by hand and eye, inspired by a happy fancy, and guided by a spirit of restrained selection of line. Of course, the artist who is first heard of in this art in modern times was a pupil in the museum of Lorenzo. Because he loved to work on the cornelian, he was, in the pleasant Italian way, called Giovanni delle Corniuole, and soon he was talked of throughout Italy. Famous for its subject, and famous for its workmanship was his portrait of Savonarola, taken at the time when the great Dominican's power in Florence was at its highest. The flame caught, and Giovanni soon had a Milanese

rival, who also proudly lost the name of his family in that of his art, and was called Dominic of the Cameos. Later, under the pontificate of Lorenzo's son, Leo X., the art was cultivated in Rome, where those who were appalled or fatigued by the works of Angelo and Raffaello, might turn to the modest results of the labours of a Valerio Vicentino or of a Giovanni Bolognese, in which the greatest was included in the least, and beauty, strength, or energy expressed itself in matured perfection of line, and glowed with inestimable colours.

The signet-ring used by Michel Angelo was an antique intaglio, the gift of Lorenzo—a happy present indeed, in which art and pricelessness, together with old and recent significance, were charmingly mingled. If Lorenzo's life is full of suggestions for us of later times, may we not take example even from his gifts? We see every day exquisite women wearing the unintellectual diamond, or some other stones that are precious, because they are ponderous. The fair wearers may rejoice in them as testimonies of affection; the glitter of them may give a momentary exhilaration; the constant value of them may excite anxiety, cupidity, or a pawnbroker's admiration; but are they, after all, worthy to be the most treasured gifts of man to woman? The lapidaries of antique Corinth, the goldsmiths of old Florence, daring Cellini, the jewellers of seventeenth-century Spain—all these would join in an emphatic Greco-Latin "No!" Doubtless there is a certain artfulness in cutting a diamond, but there is no art. Diamonds should, of course, be used like all the other gifts of Nature; but they should be set in brains and polished with wit. They ought to be contrasted and composed; the setters of them should take lessons from dewdrops on grey thistle-spikes or eyes in a beautiful face. What does Shakespeare say? "Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, or captain jewels in the carcanet." But no; we shall have the grim tiara on the graceful head, and the barbaric solitaire in the tender curve of the ear unto the end.

A CITY AND A MAN.

And as we are daringly discussing matters connected with the ladies, let us refer to another feature of Lorenzo's time—the existence of women of learning. Girl graduates are a very old idea, and Girton is extremely late in the field, as befits our insular ways. In the fifteenth century, women, well-born and beautiful, were accomplished students. Alessandra, the daughter of Bartolomeo Scala, was a mistress of Greek and Latin, and was, perhaps in consequence, beloved by the scholar Politiano; but she preferred Marullus, whence came terrible literary squabbles; unlike the triumphant hero of the Elizabethan song, the learned man did not “get the lady gay.” Cassandra Fidelis, another accomplished woman, was the friend of Lorenzo and of Leo X., and lived until the year 1558, when, sought after from all parts of Italy, she died a centenarian. Politiano celebrates, as a tenth muse, a lady of Sienna; and from the numerous pieces addressed to women in the learned languages, it is evident that such studies were more diffused among them than they ever have been since.

Would that we could give a vivid picture of the ardent life of Florence towards the close of the fifteenth century! The intellectual attitude of the city every day was that of Keats's watcher of the skies, when a new planet swam into his ken. Each day some antique beauty was discovered, or some new loveliness was created, the popular festivals were full of witty surprises, and the high-spirited people were always ready for a frolic or a fight. Each morning the clink of the chisels of the masons, the ringing of the anvils of the ironworkers, the tap of the goldsmiths' hammers, made music, which, to the ears that love it, still sounds silently by the Arno. “To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.” The learned Greek, the Tuscan peasant, the golden youth of the city, and the subtle-minded councillor, filled the streets with colour and character; while the women, whose extravagance stern Dante had condemned nearly a century before, gave the last touch of grace

and brilliance. On all this the Palazzo Vecchio frowned, while the dome of Brunelleschi, in the higher air, like the moon of Florence, with its attendant star, the tower of Giotto, serenely shone. And this scene of various life and beauty Lorenzo had to leave in his prime; he had to relinquish the prize he had so fairly won, without the peaceful fruition which seemed his due, and which was left to his son, Piero, only to be thrown away.

It is obvious in looking back at the history of mankind, that the times of joyfulness in the histories of nations, like those in the lives of individuals, must be short. The light can only come out of darkness, or it would not be known to be light. And though the seasons of nations are mostly winters, a spasm of summer will come now and then. May we not hope, after the profoundly dark and benumbing period of our fathers' time in England, that the breath of another morning, the warmth of another summer, short though it must be, is in the air? Although it may be gladdened by the fairy tales of science, rather than by the older shapes of imaginative delight, may it not in measure join the joys of both, and produce a day-spring such as we have not hitherto seen? Our times are evidently transitional, the old order is working out its transformation, a new world is changing our horizon, the wonderful unknown seems to be nearer than ever before.

Drawn from the marvellous past, and mingled with the strange though unimaginable future, the stream of tendency of the coming race must, in externals at least, flow through surroundings almost entirely new. It would seem, too, that the power of great personalities will be greater in the near future than it has ever been in the past; the half-blind millions who will rule will seek the strongest light. Wherefore, for the peace and prosperity, and for the advancement of the nations, may they be dowered with many such men as Lorenzo de' Medici!

BERNARD WHELAN.

Mrs. O'Grady.

IN a very healthy and beautiful suburb on the Great North Road there used to be an old rambling building, consisting, as far as I could make out or can remember, of a large cottage, one story high, and having behind it a number of sheds and outhouses, above some of which had been constructed lofts, approached by clumsy stairs, little better than ladders. On entering, you found yourself in a large kitchen, the roof of which was perfectly black with smoke, while the whole of one side was occupied by a huge fireplace, where, in all weathers, an immense coke fire was constantly burning. Into this a smaller room opened which was nearly filled by a big wide bed. And this was the snug and chosen retreat of Mrs. O'Grady, the landlady of the tramp's lodging-house.

In the palmy days of Mrs. O'Grady's establishment, a large proportion of the poorer sort of travellers reached London on foot, and most tramps coming from the north had to pass her hospitable doors. Foot-sore and weary, and often covered with mud, they frequently chose to rest there for the night, so as to be able to enter the great city brightened and refreshed on the following morning; for not all her visitors were so utterly wretched as they looked. Their mode of travelling did not argue such hopeless poverty as it would in these days of cheap trains. No doubt among them were many regular tramps and professional beggars; but there was also a sprinkling of steady workmen and others whom choice or necessity induced to practise economy. Hampstead, Holloway, Finchley, Barnet, and St. Albans, and many adjacent places, possessed similar establishments; but no house of the kind had a better reputation for comfort and decency of arrangement than Mrs. O'Grady's.

Such houses were then not so carefully inspected as they would be now, but, much to her discontent, Mrs. O'Grady had to pay for periodical whitewashings, which she always ascribed to the circumstance of her being a "lone widdy woman," and to the cruelty exercised by the Saxon rulers over their hereditary bondsmen. And, excepting the kitchen, which was open to all comers, and where the traffic all day, and sometimes far into the night, was constant, the place was not excessively dirty.

The kitchen was certainly a singular and most interesting apartment. Entering it at night, from the cool external air, was like having a glimpse and a whiff of what Purgatory is sometimes pictured to be. One side, as before noted, was almost entirely fire, by the light of which, assisted by the flame of an oil lamp suspended from the ceiling, and always struggling to go out, might be dimly seen a number of figures, some still and others moving about, and all keeping up an incessant chatter. But as you became more accustomed to the light, or the want of it, and objects could be more clearly distinguished, it was soon evident that Mrs. O'Grady's was no place of torment, but that many of its temporary occupants were, in a rough way, immensely enjoying themselves.

For most of them were employed in the satisfactory task of cooking their own suppers, for which they had ample space and all the convenience they required. The food each was expected to furnish for himself. There was generally great variety; and the smell, if somewhat mixed, was at least rich and savoury. Hovering round the fire would be one or two old crones, who had clubbed together to make some sort of a stew, watching the contents of a huge saucepan, as intently as did Macbeth's witches the enchanted caldron. A ragged man in his shirt-sleeves would be cooking at his leisure a few pieces of meat, heedless of the muttered imprecations of a fellow-lodger, who stood behind with half a pound of beef sausages in his hands, waiting impatiently for the frying-pan. A little removed from

the fire, a lodger, who, though his clothes were terribly worn and threadbare, still made some attempt at neatness, with coat closely buttoned, it may be to conceal the scantiness of his linen, and having about him the unmistakable air of one who has come down in the world, would spread out a newspaper as a tablecloth, and place on it a small piece of beef and half a loaf, purchased at the general shop close by. Pig's feet and sheep's trotters, oysters when in season (they were cheap then), whelks, and periwinkles, with other sorts of edibles, cheap and easily procured, would be either waiting to be cooked or actually in course of demolition, while numerous well-filled jugs and cans on the floor or on the table showed that the thirst as well as the hunger of Mrs. O'Grady's family was in a fair way of being appeased.

But that poor young woman, with her two helpless little children, hungry and tired, who has travelled far to-day, and has not a penny left to help her further on her way—must she and they go supperless to bed? Not if Mrs. O'Grady knows it. Plenty of bread and milk for the children, and a good tea for the mother and a drop of comfort after it. "Lawk, bless your heart," says Mrs. O'Grady, "I shall never miss it." And many times has she thus fed the hungry, and often has she kept poor sick women for days together, till they have been able with renewed strength to resume their journey, and never said a word about payment. I am afraid Mrs. O'Grady was not a woman of business.

And this brings me to a more particular description of the landlady herself. Indeed, hers was a figure not easily to be forgotten. She was about the middle height, and literally as broad as she was high. She was not very fat, but presented an expanse of breadth which filled the beholder with amaze. In her private apartment, there was only room for herself, her bed, and a little round table upon which she took her meals. She rarely left this room, except on Sundays, as she was very puffy and

wheezy, and moved about only with great difficulty and fatigue, but as the door opened into the kitchen, she could watch the operations of her little family, as she always called her lodgers ; and over these she exercised kindly but despotic control. Her face was puckered up into all sorts of cracks and wrinkles, but the expression of it was full of good nature ; and her eyes were brimming over with merriment. O'Grady had long ago gone to his account. He had been in the army, and his widow always declared that had she been a man, she too would have been "a soger braver than ever fought at Waterloo," but on her own side and not for the Government.

I was present at a rather singular scene by which life in Mrs. O'Grady's kitchen was once diversified. It happened that an unusual number of her country-people were staying there, either on account of the harvesting, or some other work that was going on at no great distance, for, though the house was chiefly frequented by travellers, remaining only for a single night, it was occasionally patronized by more permanent lodgers. As some of these poor people could not be induced to attend as regularly as they ought at either of the neighbouring chapels, a priest, long since gone to his rest, went over to them one evening, and, after conversing with them individually, for greater solemnity put on a surplice and stole, and from the entry of Mrs. O'Grady's private apartment delivered a discourse on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Singular was the effect, as the priest stood in the dim light, surrounded by such a motley group of auditors, seated some on forms or settles, and others on the ground. All were earnest and attentive, but above the rest an English workman, who was not of the old faith. With a stern countenance and knitted brow he gazed intently, and never for a moment turned his eyes from the face of the speaker. Every now and then he grunted his approval, but not in such a manner as to cause any interruption to the proceedings. And what he applauded was the fate of the rich man. When he heard the

words, "And the rich man died and was buried in hell," he exclaimed, in an audible voice: "Good! good! true doctrine. Ah! that *is* right;" and accompanied every reiteration or enlargement of the statement with similar exclamations. In fact, the more terrible the fate of the rich man, the more exuberant appeared to be our friend's delight, and no other part of the discourse seemed to awaken in him any interest. It is not unusual for people to prefer that part of a sermon which will admit of the least application to themselves.

Mrs. O'Grady had a failing. She really loved a drop of good Old Irish. The reader must not blame her too much; for she was no drunkard, and to get slightly "fuddled" was not thought so heinous forty years ago as it is now. There was then no Blue-ribbon Army, and the League of the Cross was not. A venerable clergyman, a foreigner, and of a nation that is strictly temperate, called once to remonstrate with her upon this little weakness. "I am told that you drink, Mrs. O'Grady," began the worthy ecclesiastic. "True for you, your reverence," said she, "and I always did;" and argument was impossible with her. No one had greater respect for the clergy than Mrs. O'Grady; but in this matter the habit was too strong to be overcome by their objections, and besides, she could not for the life of her see any harm in it as long as she kept her senses and knew what she was about.

The good old lady could not read, and she had a pious horror of the notices left from time to time by the collectors of rates and taxes, as she knew they meant that she would have to pay money sooner or later. She used to keep the little bits of paper, as she called them, for my inspection, as I was a great favourite with her, and she had full confidence that, though I was an Englishman, I would explain them to her correctly. "There," I would say, "that is the water-rate, and if you do not pay it within a week, the water will be cut off." "Is it cut off the water will be?" she would exclaim. "Oh, the villains! And what is my family to do at all without the water? And they

always grumblin' because they didn't get enough to wash their bits of clothes. And they'll cut off the water and take away my living, because I'm only a poor widdy woman, and have no one to stand up and say a word for me. If I was only a man and a soger, I'd take my own part, and see if they'd talk about cutting off the water then. Not that I make much use of it myself; but I'm thinking of my family, and of the inspectors, who're always making us wash and scrub; and how can we do it when the water's cut off?" "Well," I would reply, "you must make the best of it, and send the money in time. It is hard, no doubt, but you cannot help yourself. As regards the other papers, they are the parish rates and the Queen's taxes; but they are not so urgent, and can wait till I see you again." "And it's me, is it, that's to pay taxes to the Queen, and she rolling in money! It would be better for her soul if she sent the money to a poor widdy like me, and not to be dragging the taxes out of poor people. It's she that could well spare some of her riches, with her palaces, and her carriages, and her guards!" And thus she would run on, having a fixed idea that the rates and taxes, as well as all sanitary arrangements that did not originate with herself, were devised solely for her personal torment and oppression. Invariably she would conclude with a tribute of admiration of the marvellous erudition that had made clear what was to her so totally incomprehensible, exclaiming fervently, "What a fine thing it is to be a scholar!"

Such houses as Mrs. O'Grady's exist no longer, at all events in the suburbs of London; and perhaps on the spot where she once reigned supreme, may now stand an ornamental villa; for it is a "rising" neighbourhood, and one of the most picturesque about London. Mrs. O'Grady has gone the way of all flesh, and, fortunately for herself, did not outlive the days of such accommodation as she was accustomed to supply. She had a funeral such as would have rejoiced her heart, if she

could only have lived to see it ; and she was followed to the grave by the prayers and benedictions of the poor ; for to the poor she had been a mother, as far as her means would allow. Firm as a rock in her attachment to the faith of her fathers, and unswerving in her loyalty to the cause of her native land, she yet lived in peace and amity with her neighbours of a different race and creed, who always spoke well of her, and gave her house a good name. Although her lodgers were rough and poor, I rarely heard of quarrels or fights among them, and there was never any disturbance which a word from the respected landlady would not immediately quell. At first sight, her appearance was decidedly comical ; but those who knew her well, would laugh not *at* her, but *with* her, as they came to relish her uniform cheerfulness and good humour, and to realize that, in spite of her uncouth exterior, there never beat a better or truer heart than that of Mrs. O'Grady, who kept the tramps' lodging-house.

E. BOURNE.

How the White Monks came back to Sarr.

I.

THERE are twenty-six dukes, all told, in the House of Lords, but in the universe or elsewhere there is only one Duke of Ipswich. And the ducal house of Ipswich has always had its own way of doing things.

The "Privilegia" of the family of Dodson have become classical; but fooleries, however hereditary, which lurk among strawberry leaves, we are all ashamed of betraying an interest in. Still some allusion to the peculiar customs of the Ipswich family is necessary here in order to the understanding of my story.

From his birth to his burial, the Duke of Ipswich begs leave to remind the world that he is out of the common. Round about Sarr, in Lincolnshire, the bulk of his property lies, and at Sarr Abbey in the Fens his grace has made a point of being born these three centuries and more. Not out of personal bias in favour of the home of his race—for at that epoch in his career the duke's tastes have been for the most part a thought nebulous and indeterminate—but simply out of necessity; for to be born at Sarr is "part of the tenure." And here, let it be observed, that that phrase hovers perpetually on the lips of the Ipswich family. It is quite bewildering how many things are "part of the tenure." For when, at the suppression of the greater monasteries, "Kynge Henry ye 8 (of most pious memory) did grant unto his trusty servant, Thomas Warton, and the heirs male of his body (to be held by them for ever and a day), Sarr Abbey in the Fens, and all the lands and

hereditaments thereto appertaining: to wit, the priories of Hinxton and Wareham; the lordships of the manors of Starkley, Granby, Norton, Oulton, and Brayford, together with the presentation to the benefices thereof, and the great tithes of Merton, Breeford o' the Strand, Sefton and Polborough, heretofore paid to the Lord Abbot of Sarr, then did the Kyng condition that the successors of the said Thomas Warton (whom eftsoons he did create Duke of Ipswich, in right of his wife Margery, sole child to Uvedale Markham, XI Duke of Orwell and Ipswich), should in no wise be born in any other house save the Abbey of Sarr; moreover they should be conveyed away thence suddenly (to wit, on the 13 day after their birth), and by no means see that place or any portraiture thereof again until they should be comen of full age, on pain of forfeiture." Furthermore, the King's Majesty laid down that the said successors of that Thomas Warton (thereafter created Duke of Ipswich) should eke die at Sarr in the abbot's cell, or else lie in that abbey unburied until the crack of doom. All this is out of the common. But this is not all. By sign manual of King James I., the Dukes of Ipswich are privileged to come of age on their thirteenth birthday, which grace was extended to them by that bright occidental star, on condition of the abbey being rebuilt in form of the letter "I," in compliment to the king, which accordingly was done; the abbot's sole cell being left of the ancient building.

Further, it is a part of his general uncommonness, that the Duke's eldest son should not be marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, albeit his Grace bears all these dignities; but plain Lord of Sarr. And among all his titles the Duke has none more valued, and none less usual than that of Provost of Stowe-by-the-Sea, a small village whose collegiate church was formerly a cell to the Abbey of Sarr.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the many conditions which are "part of the tenure," harassing as they sound,

are any source of discontent to the family itself. It is inordinately proud of them. And many a Duke of Ipswich who has done good service to his country has plumed himself far less on his valorous deeds in war, or respectable oratory in the Senate, than on the unique inconvenience attendant on his entrance into and exit from this mortal life. Thus, though a grateful country has long since forgotten how gallantly Duke Hubert was fighting for the King when he fell on the field of Marston Moor, every one remembers that in consequence of his dying there his body lies still three feet above the ground instead of six feet below.

There are many other peculiarities in the tenure and mode of proceeding of the Ipswich family, but here it is necessary to allude to but one other, which is put last as being most surprising to modern ears.

The Abbey of Sarr always held the greater part of its lands in fee of the Crown ; and when the monks were driven out, the King's will was that the new possessors should pay the old rent still. Hence it was that every year on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the lord of Sarr had to present himself before the King's Majesty, in his palace at Whitehall, ere the bells of St. Stephen's have finished chiming noon, and deliver unto the King one-and-twenty white loaves of new wheat, borne thither on as many white palfreys, or else forfeit his abbey and estates of Sarr : one moiety whereof should fall unto the King's Grace, and one moiety unto whomsoever the lord of Sarr should will, provided it be not unto any of his own or his wife's kin, or any outlandish person or clown.

To betray ignorance of the family peculiarities would brand a stranger, on introduction to a scion of the ducal house, as an under-educated person of no range or elegance of information.

II.

WHAT induced "Kyng Henry ye 8, of most pious memory," to invent these grotesque conditions of tenure, I am no more able to decide than I am to say why time-honoured Lancaster should have chosen to enrich the Burgoyne family by means of six lines of doggrel verse, rather than by a regular title-deed.* Perhaps the bluff monarch, having secured and spent his own share of the spoil, had a twinge of conscience or gout, which gave rise to some irritation against the ready instrument of his spoliation ; and he had no other motive in his stipulations than a desire to annoy. It is no part of my business to account reasonably for the actions and humours of that royal scoundrel and reformer. But such the conditions were, and for three hundred and forty years they have remained in force.

Three times has a Duke of Ipswich died out of Sarr Abbey, and three coffins lie in the grim but splendid mausoleum there. The first is that of Duke Hubert, already alluded to ; the second contains the mortal part of young Duke John, who was drowned in an open boat while shooting seals off the Isle of Barra in the year 1859, and whose remains were so difficult to recover that the tenure seemed in actual danger of failing ; and the third is of silver-gilt (the other two are large bronze sarcophagi enclosing leaden shells and oak coffins), and is hardly two feet long and not a foot in width. It is covered with a white velvet pall, on

* Probably every one knows that the family of Sir John Burgoyne of Sutton, in Bedfordshire, have held their lands for five hundred years, on no other title than the following quaint rhyme :—

"I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do grant,
To Sir Roger Burgoyne,
And the heirs of his loin,
Both Sutton and Potton
Till the old world grows rotten."

which is neither initial nor coronet, neither cross nor symbol whatever, personal or religious. In it lies the embalmed body of the only Duke of Ipswich who has ever been born in the purple, his father having died nine weeks before his son's birth, which took place on Candlemas Day in the year 1740. It happened to be a very late and hard winter, and the country all about Sarr lay deep in snow, so that even a grown man would hardly have gone on a journey then if he could help it. Wherefore, on the thirteenth day after his birth, when it was necessary that the baby Duke should quit Sarr Abbey, they only carried him to Hinckley, the nearest village out of sight of it, and lodged him in the vicarage under the care of the clergyman's lady, his own mother being far too ill to move with him. There, on the third day, he died, and at nearly the same moment the Duchess also closed her weary eyes on the bleak snow-covered fens, and never again opened them.

At his death the estates passed to the younger brother of his father, who, like all the male children of the Ipswich family, had come to Sarr Abbey to be born.

Which reminds me that I should call your attention to what was one of the most dreary consequences of the outrageous tenure on which the Ipswich family held its ill-derived estates. And that was, that not a boy of them all had ever lived there or even crossed its splendid threshold while he was a boy, and never for three hundred years had its lordly corridors resounded to the laughter or the sport of any boy who had the slightest personal interest in it ; nay, as a natural consequence, it had been seldom that any child, boy or girl, had played there saving the mere visitor of a day. The first wailings of babyhood were heard there, and the sighs of dreary age, but the Wartons were a sombre race, and once come to discretion, their laughter troubled the echoes of Sarr Abbey little enough.

The boyhood of the Duke of Ipswich was always spent at

Warton Bassett, the inconsiderable estate that had been his forefathers' sole inheritance before the spoliation of the church lands, and to Sarr he came as a stranger, only when the tenderness of childhood had wound itself round another home.

III.

IT was Monday, the twenty-eighth of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one; and on Thursday, the twenty-eighth of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight, Clarence, twenty-fifth Duke of Ipswich, had come into this world in quality of lord of Sarr. Whence it will be immediately apparent that on that Monday he would complete his thirteenth year, and, in accordance with the customs of the family of Ipswich, attain his majority. His father, as has been said, was drowned while seal shooting in the year 1859, so that the boy in question was already Duke. It was a coldish, windy afternoon, and the rain clouds which were piled up against the horizon would have spread and broken but for the fierce gale that had already torn many of the leaves from off the trees and tossed them ruthlessly abroad.

It was one of those days that give one a general air of draughtiness and prevailing discomfort. The townspeople in Lincoln found it harder than ever to climb the break-neck hill on which their cathedral stands, and up the winding street the gusts drove sudden clouds of dust and unaccountable, irrelevant straw that came no one knew from whence.

The passengers in the train regretted that they had not warmer clothing on, and tried to believe that venerable fable which teaches how much warmer than many rugs is the *Times* newspaper swathed about the knees. But one passenger had at least nothing to complain of in respect of rugs.

He travelled alone—that is, he had only servants with him,

and they were in another part of the train ; but they had littered the carriage with rugs and wraps enough to swaddle half a dozen travellers, all full grown, and their master was but a boy.

Out of the window he gazed on the gusty poplars that swayed and curtsied in the gale ; on the farm-houses cowering behind their great barns and new yellow ricks ; on the turbid river swirling onward, out across the flats, to sea ; and away to the sullen banks of leaden cloud, through whose rents a watery sun cast comfortless pale gleams athwart the fields. He had both books and newspapers, but he was not reading, and even the desolate level country over which he gazed did not seem to absorb his thoughts. His keen grey eyes were of a peculiar sombreness that made them somehow look darker than they really were, and in them was little heed of anything on which they fell.

The Duke of Ipswich was thinking, thinking, and his thoughts did not make him smile.

What they were I cannot exactly tell you, for I am not omniscient, and he has never told me. But perhaps he was wondering what sort of place Sarr Abbey would turn out to be ; for, from basement to garret of Warton Bassett, not so much as a photograph of its master's greater possession was to be seen. Even the county history of Lincolnshire, and the "Mansion-houses of the County Families," in the library, had been carefully pruned of their engravings of various prospects of Sarr Abbey. With oil paintings and water-colours, engravings and etchings of every size and character, representing the views *from* the Abbey, the young Duke was familiar, but he may well have wondered what the place was like itself. Once he had been within five miles of it, when he had accompanied his father's body as far as Hinckley, but nearer he had not been allowed to go. And perhaps the memory of the anger he had felt then was what made him frown now. To be chief mourner

at your father's funeral, and yet forbidden to see laid in its last resting-place your father's coffin, would chafe most of us ; and very bitterly had it grieved the Duke of Ipswich and his younger brother Ralph.

Moreover, his present loneliness may have struck him as the train whirled him onward ever nearer to his home, yet without the brother who was more to him than any home ; and he may have chafed at the monstrous restriction which forbade that brother's presence now, and kept him out of sight in the time of his own rejoicing. True, his uncle (many years over thirteen) awaited him, and would welcome his arrival, not without pride in that very restriction which enforced his younger nephew's absence, but for his uncle he cared less.

Whatever he was thinking of was interrupted presently by the train's shrill whistle warning him that a station—that at which he would get out—was near. It was a mere crossing, and no one got out but himself and his servants ; but it had been decorated with flags and red cloth and arcades of evergreens, which flapped and rustled bleakly in the gusts of wind that came driving in from the sea.

A somewhat chilly crowd, that tried to look like a large crowd and failed, and tried to behave like old friends to the boy they had never seen and failed, presently failed to make him hear a long and wordy address that the station-master read when the train had gone on its way. Then the Duke was allowed to get into his carriage and drive away amid some very gusty cheers, and the crowd dispersed with a mistaken impression of having received him enthusiastically.

The road lay straight across the fens seaward, and from the sea a wet wind blew, unbroken by hill or wood. A perfectly level road, without any hedge row, flanked by wide and deep dykes, and every twenty or thirty yards by a gaunt and windy poplar. About two miles to the north-east one saw a low hill, not more than sixty feet or so higher than the

coast line, and on its crown a huge white palace staring out to sea.

That was Sarr Abbey, and the twenty-fifth Duke of Ipswich shuddered a little as his eyes fell on it for the first time. Huge, magnificent, no doubt : fit for the court of a king, perhaps, within, but how unutterably dreary.

No wonder the family of Ipswich had been of such short and sombre life ; no wonder six brothers had one after another succeeded and died without the care to marry and have any son to succeed them in that dismal place. Who could wonder that the old prophecy had fulfilled itself, and no Duke had both died a natural death and survived the age of the last abbot of the place, who was not forty when they hanged him in Grantham Market Place ?

Duke Edward had done well to go mad if for thirteen years he had seen no prospect but those fens and yonder tumbling ocean ; and Duke Bertram's going over sea to live was far less wonderful than his coming back to die. Perhaps such thoughts as these made his collateral descendant's eyes range gloomily over the level space that as far as he could see was all his own. And how dull to him seemed his formal reception by ever so many elderly relations whom he had hardly ever seen, with the exception of his uncle and late guardian, whom he never had cared to see.

And yet, little as their presence made up to him for his brother's absence, their departure on Thursday morning proved to be no relief, and he found his solitary dinner that evening quite as tiresome (though in a different manner) as the long indigestible banquet of the preceding night.

After dinner, in his great magnificent library, a room lined with unnumbered books that no living man had ever read, and no sane man would ever care to read, he sat down to write a letter to his brother :—

"SARR ABBEY,
"Thursday, Oct. 1, 1861.

"DEAREST RALPH,—

"They are all gone at last, especially Uncle Marmaduke, and I am all by myself, which is not so much fun as I had intended. I don't like Sarr a bit, and never shall. It's about fifty times as big as Warton Bassett, and more than a thousand times not so nice. The house is hideous outside, and the views from inside are horrid. Wherever it is not fen it is sea and poplar trees. They say you can count thirteen church steeples from the leads, but I don't care about counting them. I am certain no one could count the poplar trees or the north and east windows. The abbot's cell where I have to die is like a little church with the pews taken away, and yet it smells like our pew at Bassett.

"Uncle Marmaduke was such a bother ; he kept talking about the tenure till I felt inclined to go out and die in the village to put an end to it. And Cousin Mark talks just as much about it, only you can't hear what he says, because he is always bending his beard up with his hand to try and make it reach to his eyebrows. Cousin Ferdinand is just like old Sloborough, the keeper, only more stupid. The gardens here are enormous, but not a bit nice—Italian gardens, with cold-looking statues and fountains, and hardly any wild part or shrubbery.

"I have had four addresses, and five more are to follow. Each of the villages brings one. I don't care for the tenants much ; they're not a bit like those at home—I mean at Bassett. And I hate addresses. There are a lot of banquets and things. I shan't get home till November. Do write soon.

"Your affectionate brother,

"CLARENCE."

"If I possibly can, I shall go home for a few days the week after next. *How* horrid it is that you can't come here."

In his letter the young Duke did not describe his visit to the mausoleum. It was not likely to make him care much more for Sarr and the restriction which kept his father's coffin out of its grave for ever.

IV.

FOR two years the Duke had to live alone at Sarr, whenever he did live there, for his brother was by that much his junior, and he had to live there pretty constantly, as there was much business to be done in connection with his succession, and his mother had died at the birth of his brother, so her presence also was denied him.

It was a strange lonely life, and it gave the boy over-much time for thinking, to which he had ever been somewhat prone. One of the family traditions was that neither the reigning Duke, if a minor, or the heir apparent should go to any school, but have a governor, and Duke Clarence's governor had been dismissed at his majority.

But the boy read a great deal, and what he read he mastered and made his own, and especially he liked history. The people soon grew fond of him in spite of his gravity, for they found he was neither morose nor gloomy, and he went among them a good deal. He was surprised to find how, after three centuries, the memory of the "White Monks" still lingered, and was in benediction among the fen-folk, and sometimes hurt, sometimes angry with his own race, to perceive how little the house of Ipswich had done to efface the ill-odour of their first coming to the abbey-lands of Sarr. Of neighbours of his own class the boy had few, his huge property spread too far around. For those few he cared little, they were not like the Warton Bassett neighbours. But it came about, nevertheless, that he had made a friend. One afternoon, a year after his first coming, he was riding home alone and unattended after a long day out of doors. He was within a mile of Sarr, and the abbey was

already in sight, though twilight was even now beginning to gather about it, and the night mists to creep in over it from the sea. For the last half-mile or more he had been steadily gaining on the only other living thing in sight—a young man, also on horseback, whom he at last overtook, and found to be a gentleman.

When he overtook him they were both walking their horses, but the Duke's hunter had quite different views of walking from those held by the hired hack on which the stranger rode. As they were parallel with each other, the stranger turned his face, and, raising his hat, asked the boy if that house yonder were Sarr Abbey.

"Yes, that's Sarr Abbey," its master made answer, very much as though he wished it were not. "It's not much like one, is it?"

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said quickly, "I didn't notice at first. You are the Duke, are you not?"

The boy nodded, and they rode on together. The stranger was from Lincoln; he was staying there, but he was himself from Rentshire at which his companion's face lighted up quickly. What part of Rentshire? Did he know Warton Bassett? or Bassett Regis? Yes, both. No, he had not lived in that part, only he had stayed there with his uncle, Sir Wilfrid Mordant. Oh, the Duke knew Sir Wilfrid as well as possible. And soon he found that many of his friends were known to his companion; and it was like a little breath of Rentshire air even to mention their names and speak of them. It made the bleak fen-road seem quite home-like. It seemed the stranger intended riding on to Orrthorpe and sleeping there before going back to Lincoln. . . . Why need he go any further? Why not dine at Sarr, and have a bed there? The Duke said he could never face Sir Wilfrid again if he failed to persuade his nephew to do this: and in the end he did not fail.

It made dinner far more agreeable to have a cheerful companion, only half a dozen years or so his own senior, by the clock, and not that by anything else; and Mr. Jack Mordant was nice and amusing as well as cheerful.

The Mordants were Catholics, as the Duke well knew, so that it neither startled or surprised him to see that his guest crossed himself at the beginning of dinner; but he could not help wondering if it was the first time that had been done there since the White Monks had been driven from Sarr.

The young Duke liked his guest more the more he saw of him, and he did not let him go away next morning without a promise of coming back to shoot later on in the autumn. And even that visit was not Mr. Jack Mordant's last, for both he and his brother Rupert soon became great friends of the lonely young master of Sarr; and perhaps it was from their visits that certain important results occurred.

V.

THE community Mass had been sung in the temporary chapel, and the monks of the temporary abbey of St. John were gone out to work in the half-reclaimed scrub that surrounded their cloister. Only the abbot was within.

He was standing in the little kitchen, where not a sign appeared of anything to cook; and he seemed sad, though not disturbed. He opened the flour-bin by the door, and found nothing there; he went to the great jar where the rice was kept, but not any rice was there; all was clean, and all was absolutely bare.

Passing out of the kitchen (which had been the working or back-kitchen when the "abbey" had been a lone farm-house), he passed into the large kitchen that was now the Refectory. It was cool and clean and white; but no comfortable bacon-

sides depended from the rafters now, and on the well-scrubbed tables there stood only empty mugs and plates.

The abbot sighed a little, and passed on down a dim passage to the barn that was their church, and there he knelt to pray. Presently the cook-brother came to him and signed for leave to go to the kitchen ; and in a little while he came again confused, and signed that there was nothing to cook at all. But the abbot smiled, and sent him to labour in the field again. At length the brother whose charge it was to ring the monks to choir and refectory, went in, and soon the old farm-bell rang out, and the monks left working to go in.

It was a beautiful and old world sight to see the silent white monks walking with grave step and bent head over the English moorland : over the wild lands they were trying to reclaim, back to the fugal home that was all their cloister yet. And odd to see them in silence take their place at the bare board in the old kitchen where, till three years ago, clownish farm-lads had swilled and gorged.

Twenty monks of them, and the abbot in the midst. Then did he with great thankfulness beg His Master to bless that of His goodness He had sent them, and the brethren all sat down ; and one of the brothers read a portion of the Scripture—how He feeds the young ravens that call upon him. But on trencher and plate was neither root nor bread, and the monks sat still with patience, with clasped empty hands.

But while the lector read, the abbot sat and prayed ; for all his lips moved not, and his eyes were bent on the face of the monk who read.

Presently the reader stopped, and for a little time there was a perfect stillness, neither sound of voice nor clatter of plate or knife. And then through the abbey the din of the old farm-bell was heard, and the brother of the gate went out. But still in silence the community sat on.

After a short while the brother who had gone out returned,

and with him came a noble youth who, seeing the monks sit, and seeing they had nought to eat, was abashed, and would have shrunk back, only the abbot rose with all courtesy and came to greet him.

"My horse has cast a shoe," the youth said, when the abbot had bidden him welcome, "and we came up here thinking it was a farm-house, and we might find a forge here; so you must pardon us our intrusion, for which we are much ashamed."

The abbot said a few simple words of welcome, and explained that one of the brethren was a smith, and would be glad to shoe the horse, for in their order manual labour was a great part of the rule.

Then the monk and the youth went out together and found a great many horses and grooms gathered round the door; and on one horse the youth's brother, a boy two years or so younger than himself.

"But," said the first youth, "you were just going to begin your meal, and I have interrupted you." Whereat the abbot gravely smiled.

"Nay," he answered, "you did not interrupt us; we had waited already long, and the brethren have nothing to eat."

Now when he heard that, the youth seemed very glad, and whispering to his brother, he gave some order to the grooms, who fell to unstrapping the burdens of their horses which they brought, and laid down at the abbot's feet.

So into Whitehall Palace Yard the one-and-twenty palfreys never came again; and the one-and-twenty new, white wheaten loaves were set upon the empty board in the old farm kitchen, and with them the hungry monks were fed.

And so the old outrageous tenure failed, and one moiety of the abbey lands of Sarr fell "unto the king his grace," and one moiety Duke Clarence gave to the White Cistercian monks again.

HOW THE WHITE MONKS CAME BACK. 31

And so it was that about the time when the bells of St. Stephen's clock chimed noon on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the year 1863, when the broad smile of the mid-day sun lay on the reaped fields of corn, and the great wains groaned under their weight of golden grain, on one-and-twenty palfreys the White Monks came riding back to Sarr.

F. BICKERSTAFFE-DREW.

Sonnets.

A BACHELOR'S THOUGHT.

YOU wonder there is worship in his eyes,
And all his thoughts are as on bended knee
Whenever with a maid in amity
He talks or walks? Herein the reason lies :
That he in every maid he meets descries
A future wife—his own it well may be.
What marvel, then, that he in her should see
A thing of fate and magic and surmise?

No sower there is who goeth forth to sow
Such seed prolific as the lightest phrase
They drop this day upon each other's ears.
What flowers of pleasure and what weeds of woe
This moment is omnipotent to raise
If marriage lend its meaning to their years!

A HUSBAND'S THOUGHT.

AND if a husband has complacencies ;
And if he makes command where it were meet
That he should kneel, a suppliant, and entreat—
I pray you learn wherein his boldness lies.
'Tis with his lady's wisdom he is wise ;
For she is his, and she is also sweet ;
The ways of life—he walks them with her feet ;
The stars of heaven—he see them with her eyes.

Oh, if his lady's prèsence he should lose,
Should cease to make exchange of many a kiss,
And of her friendship have no further use—
Think you his bearing would continue brave,
Or that the glance which now imperious is
Would rise above the level of her grave?

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The Old Inns of Ipswich.

THE influence which the ancient hostelries formerly exercised on the life of the people must have been very great, while the actual well-being of towns may be said to have largely depended upon them. The position of Ipswich* as an important maritime town, taking a front place in the trade of mediæval times, and being a great centre for travellers, gave it an eminence and distinction shared by few towns of similar size, if indeed by any. The religious houses, with their different dependencies, caused it to be the halting-place, if not the habitual resort, of a large number of people of almost every class ; while as a great wool mart from which extensive exports were continually made, it brought together crowds of merchants and others. It follows as a matter of course that inns and taverns abounded at a very early period of the town's history. Social life, when Ipswich first sprung into being in Saxon days, was at a very low ebb ; indeed, about as unsociable a thing as it is possible to conceive. Added to the wretched accommodation that the poorer people were obliged to avail themselves of, the ale-house, with its irresistible attractions, greatly increased their sorrows, although apparently ministering to their necessities. In these early days, such houses were pretty numerous, and became the frequent resort of the people, and, too often, the scenes of riot and disorder.

At the outset it may be well to observe that there is a broad distinction between an inn and a tavern, although they have come to be regarded as well-nigh synonymous terms. An inn is a very ancient institution, the history of which goes back to a very remote period, concerning which it is impossible to speak

* From a paper read at a meeting of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology.

at all precisely. It is certain that there was a time when the inn did not exist. In the hospitable days of the heroic times, travels were never undertaken for commercial or other business considerations, and there was consequently no need of the inn. As its name implies, an inn is a house set apart for the accommodation of strangers, who for the time being find therein a home ; but the tavern is really a place for the consumption, by the numbers who congregate there, of the wine and other intoxicating drinks sold by the taverner who keeps the house. The house was known to the ancients as the οἶνωρεῖον, or wine-shop ; to us they continue to be known as ale-houses. Somehow or other the distinction has almost, if not entirely, ceased to be real, and both are now comprehended under the familiar and more generic term of public-house. Certainly houses of either class are more or less for the use and accommodation of the public ; but when it is borne in mind that public-houses, as such, have, even from the very remote Roman period, had a sort of infamy attached to them (even to incurring certain disabilities) as well as to the persons who kept or frequented them, which is to some extent still the case, the larger term in its universal application is much to be regretted. But, as in all else, there have been frequent changes in public opinion, and the keepers of taverns have not unfrequently held positions of trust and importance in town affairs, and stood high in the estimation of their neighbours. Although there are on record instances as early as the thirteenth century of taverners being returned to Parliament, it is more than probable that innkeepers have all along felt that the position was one of such peculiar difficulty as to cause them to abstain from seeking to occupy offices of dignity and authority. While the tavern has undergone but little change, it is quite otherwise with the inn. The monasteries were undoubtedly the chief inns of mediæval Ipswich, and it was to one or other of these that travellers resorted for rest and refreshment while pursuing their journey. At an early

period there were no lodgings in the usual sense of the word to be had, but both in the town and in the suburbs houses were to be met with in abundance which afforded temporary homes for such as would now be said to have no visible means of subsistence, as also for the huge class of itinerant musicians, jugglers, tumblers, ball-players, wrestlers, players, and other strolling entertainers who made frequent visits to the town.

Travellers of the better class would find no difficulty in securing a comfortable lodging with some one or other of the townsmen moving in his own condition of life, for which convenience the traveller would, on leaving the hospitable roof, render a recompense. An old poem, entitled "Floyre and Blanche fleur," published by the Early-English Text Society, recounts the adventures of hero and heroine who, seeking each for the other, at length

To a riche city they bothe ycome,
Whaire they have their inn ynome (*taken*).

And it proceeds to tell how at the house of

A burgess that was wel kind and curteis

first the one and then the other took up their abode, and in turn left, but Floris, first receiving news of his beloved,

Took his leave and wende his way,
And for his nighte's gesting
He gaf his host an hundred schillinge,

partly, it may be presumed from the amount, in gratitude for the welcome intelligence received in the inn. We have here an incident that throws considerable light on the manners and customs of our forefathers, such as would frequently recur in former days in our own town. The far-famed shrine of Our Lady of Ipswich, which in mediæval days did so much to make the name of Ipswich familiar, drew an immense concourse of pilgrims to the town who needed accommodation, and caused

the number of inns greatly to multiply. At stated times the concourse of pilgrims would be specially large, and make the finding of lodgings a rather difficult matter. Such persons usually travel in companies, and frequent the same inns, and continue throughout their sojourn in intercourse with each other. Erasmus, in his well-known colloquy, gives an account of a pilgrimage to the sister shrine in Norfolk, Our Lady of Walsingham, from whence a fragment of wood, said to be cut from a beam on which the Virgin Mother had been seen to rest, was obtained. The possessor of the relic being questioned as to whether he had made trial of the powers of the wood, replied, "I have, in an inn; before the end of three days, I found a man afflicted in mind for whom charms were then in preparation. This piece of wood was placed under his pillow, unknown to himself; he fell into a sleep equally deep and prolonged; in the morning he rose of whole mind." Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims sojourned at the sign of the Chequers, the host of the well-known Tabard, in Southwark, from which house they set out, acting as their leader.

We may from these instances gain some insight into an Ipswich inn and its surroundings under somewhat similar circumstances. But it was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that inns at which travellers could obtain both food and lodging were introduced into England, and not for some time after that were they to be met with, except in the most important towns, of which Ipswich was certainly one. Previously men generally "used hospitality one to another without grudging"—indeed, it could be legally enforced; but then very few people travelled, and only upon most urgent occasions. The monasteries took the lead in entertaining strangers, setting apart for their special convenience what may suitably be termed "an inn within," otherwise known as the Hospitium or Great House, frequently a detached building. Here all things necessary for travellers were freely provided, and a monk, known as

the hospitaller, attended to their wants. The parochial clergy, it must be added, according to their often scanty means, exercised hospitality with no niggard hand.

The foreign traders who came to Ipswich were subject to the most vigorous enactments, of a very arbitrary character, the result of a short-sighted policy that generally hindered the growth of early commerce, and retarded the prosperity of the kingdom. One of these inconveniences—a slight one compared to many that were levelled against them—was the withholding from them the right of dwelling in their own houses and living therein after their own manner. To meet the difficulty thus occasioned, resort was had to a class of men termed “hostmen,” with whom the strangers lodged and boarded. Whether or no they were innkeepers in the strictest sense of the term I am unable to say. Their occupation was not very dissimilar, but in addition they appear to have acted as brokers (although this was contrary to Henry’s III.’s charter, which allowed no brokers) and were likewise required to take charge of the strangers’ goods, and to transact business for them. Regulations for these hostmen are laid down in the Ipswich Domesday Book. The “Buttulerage Boke of Ippyswiche” contains the names of several Ipswich merchants who were charged with the customs of butlerage and priceage as importers, among other articles, of the wine of Gascony. It is obvious that the commodities of wine and beer were things of daily consumption, and that a large trade was done.

From old pictures of mediæval inns they seem fully to have kept pace in their architectural and other features with the prevailing styles. The court-yard was a necessary adjunct to a fully equipped inn, and generally there was an external staircase to the principal rooms on the first floor. Of course the arrangements of a house varied greatly according to the locality and the requirements of those frequenting it. But as a general rule I believe I am correct in saying that the sleeping apart-

ments, as also the dining and other rooms, were shared in common by the visitors. Old engravings represent the beds placed side by side around the apartment, after the manner of a ship's cabin, offering probably less privacy and not fewer inconveniences. The furniture was of the simplest description and most limited extent, but probably sufficient for the requirements of an unrequiring age. The exterior was quaintness itself, as may be still seen, after a sort, in the old remains of domestic architecture of which the town possesses still some fair examples—only we look upon the venerable gables and carved angle-posts, with their many interesting details, in a state more or less of decay, but once they were stately and grand in a congenial atmosphere. The hours that would otherwise have hung heavily were enlivened by song and story, and those who were accounted proficient in either art were, I suppose, in those days esteemed the people's best friends. It was at the inn that the farmer formerly met with purchasers for the corn which he sold by sample. Here it was that the pedlar disposed of his wares, and generally the inn was used for similar purposes. Even on the introduction of the weekly market, which was obtained by a Royal grant, the practice continued, and I suppose may be said still to exist, illustrating the well-known proverb, "Old customs die hard." Anyhow, the inn at almost every period of its history presented a picturesque scene of constant employment, with which we are not now very familiar, but our forefathers in Ipswich saw it under its most pleasant and interesting conditions.

At the early part of the sixteenth century, inns, taverns, and coffee-houses were to be met with in all parts of the town. Among the more famous hostelries were the King's Head, the George, the Griffin, the Assumption, the Tabard, the Turke, the Angel, the Dolphin, the White Horse, the Chequers, the White Lion, and the Crown. The King's Head had to the last a remnant of bygone days in the spacious court-yard from

which the coach started. In the thirteenth century the site, if not the actual house, was that of the "Sociary," to which the members of the Corpus Christi Guild retired for refreshment at the conclusion of the procession. At the Griffin, a noted inn, stage plays were acted in 1736, and a company under the patronage of the Duke of Grafton frequently performed. The sign of the Chequers is so ancient that it may be seen on houses in exhumed Pompeii. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," says that it represented the coat of arms of the Earls of Warenne and Surrey, who possessed the privilege of licensing ale-houses. But there is a far more likely explanation which throws considerable light upon the usages of the Middle Ages. It was customary for merchants to use a counting-board, marked with squares, upon which counters were placed to facilitate arithmetical calculations. Such a board was used by money-changers to indicate their calling, and in process of time inn-keepers in certain cases, adding to their ordinary occupation, would use the sign. The centre of the town and neighbourhood of the market would account for the position of the house in Ipswich, and altered circumstances for the discontinuance of the sign. A house having a similar designation is still to be found in New Street, St. Clement's, in the neighbourhood of the Quay, which would be a favourable position for a house bearing the sign, but the house itself—a seventeenth-century structure—having an interesting exterior with carved gables, is a modern beer-house.

The Angel was a famous inn situate on the Quay. It was a fine roomy old building, and said to have been a house of Cistercian monks, but I believe there is no foundation for this statement. It is now a malt-house. The Assumption is a remarkable sign for an inn. I am unable to say where it stood, or give any particulars. The White Horse has long held a principal position among the inns and taverns of Ipswich, and is known far and wide as a celebrated house. Long be-

fore Charles Dickens told of Mr. Pickwick's adventure in the house which had "elevated above the principal door a stone statue of some rampacious animal, with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse," the house had a name. Several persons of note have stayed at the hotel, among whom may be numbered King George II. in 1736, and Lord Nelson in 1800. The aspect of the house is greatly changed from what it was in the early part of the present century, when it had its famous court-yard belonging to coaching days (coaches were advertised to start "if God permit"), while the front, which was of a somewhat unique appearance, extended some feet into the present street; but probably Mr. Pickwick's mistake has done more to raise the fame of the house than anything else.

The Elephant and Castle was a fine old Elizabethan mansion, which, previous to its conversion into an inn, was first the mansion of Lord Curzon, and was generally known as Lord Curzon's House, whose name, previous to its final destruction, was to be seen in the rebus on the old woodwork of a back gate in Silent Street. The house afterwards came into the possession of a Bishop of Norwich, it having been granted for his use in the reign of Edward VI. During the Dutch wars in the latter part of the seventeenth century, it was used as an hospital for those who suffered in the sea engagements, or from other sickness. Its best-remembered feature was a stately porch built of red brick, which projected some way into the street, and beneath which vehicles used to pass. In 1517 Henry's Queen Catherine of Arragon stayed in this house, and the king himself slept here when he visited Ipswich in 1522. A famous inn in former days was the Mitre Tavern. It is on this site that the subterranean chapel known as St. Mary Magdalene's formerly stood. Beyond a groined roof and two Early-English doorways, one of which probably communicated with St. Lawrence Church and the other with a vault farther

down Dial Lane, there were no other remains. Apparently a greater part of this underground structure had been utilized by the former holders of the Mitre ; a number of broad-vaulted arches of massive brickwork, of some feet thick, were evidently put together with mortar such as would have been used two hundred years ago. A drawing of this chapel was made soon after its discovery in 1846, and is now to be seen among the Fitch collections at Bury. Its existence, however, was scarcely known until the recent excavations on the premises.

In St. Lawrence Street formerly stood the White Hart, an inn of much renown. It was at the east end of the church, leading from Tavern Street to the Butter Market. It was a great posting-house, having a picturesque entrance gateway of an antique character, the spandrels of which were ornamented with the well-known dragon. Near the last-named house, adjoining the noted Ancient House of Sparrow's on the west, stands the Waggon and Horses, which under the same or a like designation—it was called the Waggon somewhere about 1567—has been an inn for upwards of three hundred years at the least. This leads me to observe that signs were formerly selected with a more real application to the immediate surroundings of the neighbourhood than seems to be the case now, and, as far as I am able to discover, all the old inns and taverns of Ipswich bear me out in this assertion.

C. H. EVELYN WHITE.

The Modern Mariner.

CERTAINLY not for want of room is it that vessels at sea get into collision. In rivers, and narrow channels, crowded with shipping, collisions may be said to be unavoidable ; but it is very hard to believe that where there is plenty of sea-room, and fair weather, with manageable ships, a collision can occur and be accounted for otherwise than by the criminal culpability of some one. It is worth while, then, at a time when legislation on the subject cannot be long delayed, and when the framers of the Shipping Act should have at their command all the necessary knowledge by which they can provide against a coach-and-six driving through their Bill, to consider the means at present employed for rendering disasters less frequent, why it is that they fail, and whether there be not some untried means which the urgency of the case demands should be put into immediate operation.

First, let us glance at some of the causes of these collisions—that is, at the explanations offered by those responsible for them. I speak principally with reference to collisions in which a steam-ship is concerned. As every vessel is bound to keep a look-out, and the officer in charge is expected to have his eyes about him, it cannot—except in the case of a fog—be alleged, without an admission of negligence, that the ships did not see one another for some time before the accident. The case then generally resolves itself into one of mutual re-crimination, each protesting that the other party ported when he should have put his helm to starboard, or *vice versa*. It may easily be that the panic which sets in when a collision is seen to be inevitable causes the mistake to be honestly made on one, possibly on both, vessels. But this, though the imme-

diat cause of the casualty, is not its real cause. What is the necessity for two ships, one of them a steam-ship, getting into such close proximity in mid-ocean that a single turn of the wheel means an appalling disaster, the agonizing reality of which transcends the imaginary horrors of a Dumas or a Hugo? Clearly, the cause is not the turn of the wheel, but the reckless navigation which preceded it.

We have often heard of vessels "shaving" the tail of a bank to save a tide. Moreover, I have been assured that there are masters of steam-ships who, to show what clever navigators they are, go in for "shaving" sailing-vessels, and will laugh, and shake a farewell to the startled steersman, who, for a miserable minute, was puzzling over the question whether he should put his helm to port or to starboard. It is only on a hypothesis such as this that many of the collisions of which we read can be explained, and such a consideration seems to render it imperative that measures should be taken to make the man whose culpable negligence results in the destruction of life and property feel fully, in his own person, the consequences of his act. The present machinery for effecting this is very showy, but the results are altogether disappointing.

Suppose a collision, causing loss of life, has occurred; the survivors arrive in port, and forthwith depositions are taken by the local receiver of wreck, and forwarded to the Board of Trade. These documents, as a rule, do not go into any minute details respecting the casualty. They set forth roughly the main facts bearing on the case, and are sufficient to enable a nautical expert to say if it is one for further inquiry. If he thinks it is, an official inquiry is at once ordered; all material witnesses are detained, their testimony is taken, and, when everything is ready, a day is fixed, and the court, consisting of a stipendiary magistrate or two ordinary justices, together with two or three nautical assessors, proceed to take evidence with a view to ascertain if any one, and, if so, who, was to blame

for the disaster. No person is charged at first. The evidence of the master, officers, and other witnesses is taken, and then the representative of the Board of Trade selects the party or parties he considers deserving of censure, and makes a specific charge of default.

Say the court find the captain in default ; that is, they decree in effect, that, because of his negligence or recklessness, human life has been sacrificed ; and they punish him by suspending his certificate for three, six, or twelve months. This, to people not acquainted with the circumstances, appears a considerable punishment. And it would entail some, but very inadequate, punishment if the consequences to a master-mariner were the same as they would be to a solicitor who has been struck off the rolls, or to a barrister who has been disbarred. True, the Board of Trade take up his certificate, and, during its suspension, he who has forfeited it cannot do any official act as master-mariner in cases where a certificate is required. But, in cases where the owners side with the masters—and in very many cases they do—let Mr. Chamberlain and the public be quite assured that the disability is only apparent, not real.

For there are many ways of neutralizing the effect of this forfeiture. In companies of any extent there is always suitable work cropping up for men having the special knowledge of a master-mariner. Nor is it even necessary to take an old retainer from his ordinary work. There is no difficulty in still allowing him to navigate his ship and draw his pay as usual. Of course he cannot sign ship's papers, or appear on the articles as master. But this obstacle is easily removed. Most mates have also passed as masters, and hold masters' certificates of competency. The mate, then, can do all official acts as master, and the man who has been punished by having his certificate suspended can, by favour of the owners, still walk on his ship's deck in supreme command. And even if the suspension of his certificate had the full effect of depriving him of employment,

the punishment would be altogether inadequate to meet the circumstances under which he stands accused.

Let legislators ask themselves why the man whose negligence or recklessness causes the death of a hundred men, women, and children should be treated differently from the man whose negligence or recklessness results only in the maiming of one. Is it because one casualty occurs at sea, the other on land? If a cabdriver runs his cab over a child and breaks one of his limbs, he is arrested, and, if found guilty of negligence, is made to feel what the meaning of real punishment is. We all know the rush there is to pick up the fallen child; the warm sympathy of the crowd, the haste with which he is borne to the nearest hospital. At sea there is a difference. Nothing is found there but blank despair. And yet we have a gaol and hard labour for the cabman; but only a delusion and ghost of a punishment for the captain. Then, again, in the case of a railway official, negligence resulting in loss of life places him in the dock as a criminal. Hence it is that travelling by rail and road is tolerably safe. But it would appear as if the extreme jealousy with which the law regards human life is relaxed as soon as one gets to sea. True, if an unruly sailor seizes a weapon and takes a fellow-creature's life, the fact of the occurrence having taken place at sea will not save him from the consequences of his act. Or if a negligent sailor leaves a hatchway open, and some one falls through and is injured, the owners of the ship are liable in damages; if he is killed, the damages can be claimed by his wife and children. But if, through the negligence of the ship-master, another ship is run down, and scores of crew and passengers are sent to their doom, no one now is criminally responsible. This sounds strange, but my readers may take my word that it is true.

Having stated that it is scarcely possible to conceive an unavoidable collision occurring at sea in clear weather and with manageable ships, I come to consider what are most commonly

the causes of these casualties. One such cause is to be found in the anxiety with most ship-masters, but with masters of steam-ships especially, to make quick passages. Time is of great value to shipowners; for the sooner their vessel gets her cargo out the sooner will she have another in, and so be coining fresh money. Obviously, then, the captain who comes in quickly secures his owner's favour. A recent case within my own knowledge is that of a valuable steam-ship being lost because of the master's anxiety to make a quick passage. He found that he could save a little time by leaving the ordinary route, taking a short cut through a narrow channel. Just as he had got into the narrow channel, the weather became thick. But though there was danger all round, he would not be baulked of being able to telegraph to his owners that he had arrived an hour or so before they expected he could do. The advantage would not have been worth one shilling; but professional pride made him trust to his blindness in the fog, reckless whether he struck another ship running against time, or the mainland. Fortunately, it was against the rocks he rushed, and his crew took to their boats and saved themselves. His certificate was suspended—and much he cared for that.

In seamanship which is too clever lies another danger to life. Some masters will do eccentric things to show how they can manage their ships. This may be a case of the pitcher going frequently to the well, and it gets broken at last. After many brilliant escapes, some trivial matter brings about the crash. The state or set of the tide will do it; a sudden shift of wind is often the cause of it; a slight hitch in the chain keeping the rudder from acting for just one half of a minute, or some other trivial circumstance, will bring about the catastrophe which the smart skipper has been so long courting. It may happen, too, that an extra stimulant will arouse a momentary spirit of adventure, which ends in disaster, but which would be effectually checked if a view of the dock could be had in

the distance, even though it were through the bottom of a glass.

The two great objections urged against placing the ship-master whose negligence or recklessness has caused loss of life in the hands of a jury are that in doing so you would hamper trade, or that the questions involved are too technical to be justly submitted to an ordinary jury. The question of hampering trade is merely the question of quick passages. If you are hampering trade by insisting that the man who, for some comparatively small advantage, endangers or destroys human life should be made amenable for his recklessness, let trade be hampered by all means. As for the technicality of the questions, that plea was pressed very hard when the Government took up the subject of unseaworthiness. The ordinary juries, a few years ago, knew very little about the technicalities of the shipping trade, but they could very easily discover from the evidence when a ship was sent to sea in a state of rottenness, and they quickly consigned the owner to gaol, and banished, for the present at least, the coffin-ship from our waters. And, in the same way, ordinary juries would see where recklessness or negligence existed in ship-masters, and very soon apply a suitable remedy.

JAMES O'DONOGHUE.

One Point of View.

(BY A MILD MISOGYNIST.)

I HAVE seen many men murdered. The unnatural strife which is the law of nature finds its supreme expression in the human race. Sharks snap at legs of mutton and of men ; spiders spin snares for others—not for their own kind. Nature is the mother of the ordeal by battle, and there is no appeal from the stomach of the victor ; between species and species the war is so incessant that it has become sweet reasonableness ; and the victims form a perpetual feast more substantial than that of a good conscience. But when we come to the paragon of animals, then Nature outdoes herself ; not only does man slay everything else, but he slays himself and his own kind ; the meat-eater slays his ox, the vegetarian his slug, the corset-maker his whale ; whilst men slay women, and women (more especially) slay men. I appeal to the population tables to prove my last statement. Whence the predominance of the delightful sex ? We have recently heard of the survival of the unfittest as the result of the tenderness of our civilization ; but who dare say that women are unfittest, or even unfit ? I maintain that in this war, which is the law of being, women have the best of it ; more small boys come into the world than small girls, and yet, as claws sharpen, and wits and tongues, and spirit pervades the increasing bulk, we find that the proportion is reversed, and goes on being more and more reversed ; and in fact that more men are slain than women. In this war between the sexes—which is, alas ! at present inevitable—there are many vicissitudes of course. The methods, too, vary : there are general engagements, pitched battles, and single com-

bats. Though the last is the most ordinary mode of fighting—possibly coming down from at least the days of Homer—still, so closely is the battlefield crowded with combatants, that the general effect on the observer is almost always that of an extended engagement.

As in the ordinary warfare between man and man the men devote their chief attention to one weapon of offence—some to artillery, some to the rifle, and so on; so woman has one destructive engine on which she chiefly expends her care and concentrates her genius. This weapon is love, of which it must be admitted that it has the quality of a certain mythic spear, and can, if properly applied, cure where it has wounded; were it not often so applied, indeed, the mortality would be more serious than it is. It is true that woman has not the monopoly of this weapon; man may and does possess it, and has often used it ruthlessly. The two-edged sword of love is always dangerous, but the advantage rests with the most skilful wielders. And what may not the subtle intellect, the nervous wrist, and constant application of woman, without other distraction, accomplish? While the man has politics, his art, his profession, to drag upon his powers, the woman who is his social equal has but one thing on which to concentrate a force which, with a difference, is equal to that of man, and, being concentrated on one point, is infinitely its superior. Indeed, but for the folly which tempers power, women would be, like the Romans, *rerum dominæ*, the rulers of this world. Surely this is a grievance: why do not the Perdidas, the Mirandas, the Imogens, even the saucy Rosalinds, take the reins of government? We should want no enfranchisement. But the quality of delightfulness carries with it, like everything else, its own weakness and its own sting; being armed with such charm, woman is quite unwittingly a destroying angel; love, which is a magic sword, whirls round the arena in a circle of destruction, and returns with an innocent glitter to her uncon-

trolling hands ; this inevitable imbecility has taken from woman the empire of the earth ; her maimed victims have been too numerous, and their opposition has been too strong—so many of us have joined the Irreconcilables.

Of course, this tremendous power re-acts on its possessors ; and while wounded men are seeking the fountain of healing, she who has wounded them is perhaps herself stricken down. Mankind finds its avenger, though not the one it would choose. An unhappy marriage it is that generally deals vengeance. For, as a rule, the nicest women make the worst marriages ; as to those who are not quite delightful, they only mate with the millions of mankind who are on high authority “mostly fools,” and the result is an amalgam of fatuity and feminine fondness, which carries on the world in tolerable fashion. It is a terrible fact that every delightful woman is sent for the destruction of many men, and, at most, the salvation of one ; but, as I have hinted, in saving the one she will probably ruin her own happiness ; the intoxication which has accompanied all power, from the day of Semiramis to that of Elizabeth, blinds her sweet intelligence, and a Titania fondles a Bottom. Surely this is all round in spite of self and will ? *Must* not the sexes fight by inexorable law when each exquisite woman leads fifty sensitive men to destruction, and saves one preposterous Cloten ? —when after all her delicate philandering, she finds she has married the mind of the modern music-hall, and the heart of the coulisses ? She has lavished her fragrant personality on a clown. Her first state was one of war, and is not her second one of vengeance ? For the murdered men there is the slowly murderous husband. And all this tragedy without her will, and utterly unforeseen. Yet she has vindicated the power of her sex, and the irony of fate has crushed her in turn.

Of course, the sensitive and defeated men die off ; the Cloten flourishes ; and the woman, by that passive power which is her gift, endures and exists. She does not, in the Tennysonian

phrase, "lower to his level day by day," but she acquires a certain recklessness and hardness of manner, and a profound melancholy in sudden sentences. Shall we ever civilize ourselves out of this warfare? Will men ever justify their imputed strength, and become at least the equals in number of the more vital sex? Will women ever be guided by anything but impulse? and will they ever complete their high gifts by giving themselves only to those who deserve them?

Ah, wasteful woman! She who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoilt the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Such a change is too much to hope for. Publius Syrus says that the day after is the pupil of the day before. "Discipulus est priori posterior dies."

But the spilled milk of yesterday is spilled milk for ever. Broken hearts and marriage are beyond mending: the first are beyond doctors, and the second is beyond canon law. It is merely a question of suffering: in the one case, short, sharp, and often final; in the other, prolonged, pernicious, and benumbing. The courtly recorder of fashionable marriages, the bland clergyman who lectures the immaculate couple, the poets, from Catullus to Herrick and Tennyson, who write epithalamia, ignore the inevitable poison which has Brinvillierized the other men, and has left its "eager droppings" in the blood of the bride. They gush of milk and honey, and drink healths in the foaming grape of eastern France—health where there is no health; honey where coloquintida is the only tippie. This war is surely as old as what we call civilization. The ladies of Rome, when they turned their thumbs in the

Coliseum, had doubtless been more relentless at home. The Queens of Beauty, in the days of Chivalry, smiled on the successful tilter, though they had broken the heart of a braver knight in their bower. And yet they had not meant it; they would probably weep over the crushing of a bloodthirsty spider.

Have the Chinese once more proved their wisdom and advancement, in the drowning of their feminine children? Have they, after centuries of watching, perceived that destructive fate chiefly reaches them through women; and have thence finally resolved to destroy Pandora, and her box too, as often as they conveniently can? Was it not the instinct of self-preservation that made the men of old and the men of the East immure their women, and keep them ignorant and helpless? Man in the West and now dies by his generosity, and slays himself by liberty, equality, and too many charming sisters.

May not the monks have had other reasons besides those they avowed for keeping women from their limina? Was Rabelais altogether right when he instituted his Abbey of Thelema, into which "should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well-conditioned?" It sounds like a conspiracy to murder, or a recipe for dynamite. Mr. Gladstone endeavours to shun blood-guiltiness; in order to avoid it, can we not recommend him a more effectual and a not more destructive system than the one he already follows? Instead of having his own men shot at Majuba, Arabi's men bayoneted at Tel-el-Kebir, and Osman Digna's slain in the Soudan, would it not be well if he strove to pass a Bill for the destruction of a percentage of our sisters, and the rendering harmless of the remainder? Will he not enfranchise his own sex? If, as he maintains, two carriages cannot go down a narrow lane together, how can the two sexes? Let the men

lead the way, and the women stay behind for ever. Let him cut down one more upas-tree—the power of women. His eloquence, which, like Milton's devil, has so long “floated many a rood,” would find a more voluminous enthusiasm in such a subject. “Mr. Gladstone on the Destruction of Women.” How the Liberal press would shout over the interminable sentences! how it would lash itself with its hereditary tail into the fury of its master! and how very tame and deprecatory it would be in its domestic quarters!

But Mr. Gladstone cannot or dare not save us—he has his Egerias. We must face our fate. We must slay or be slain, till evolution is able to help us. Let us bear ourselves bravely; let us preserve or acquire, even at the risk of hypocrisy, an undaunted front. Let Benedick, who, though he capitulated, fought bravely, be our model—not Bob Acres. We must palliate if we cannot cure. Let women wail for their demon lovers beneath the waning moons; but do not venture to console them; extirpate pity, harden your hearts. . . . Alas! this is but bravado; the echoes of that last waltz ring in my ears; a smile still irradiates my memory; Herrick's “lily-wristed morn” was once incarnate for me; the sweetness of death must be faced; for is not death the threshold of life?

Reviews and Views.

ALL the harvests of the year, and those of all countries, afford pictorial matter to the artist—the in-gathering of hay, wherever the impartial grass makes the earth green, that of the wheat upon a thousand hills, of rice and of flax on the warm hot plains of the South, of olives on the Italian mountain sides, of grapes under a Burgundian sun, of hops under the cool autumn clouds of Kent. No less beautiful are the harvests of the sea—harvests of seaweed on the Jersey beaches, of pilchards on our own south-western coasts, of herrings in the grey Scotch waters, of sardines off the shores of Brittany. The bountiful yield of fruitful land and waters seems never to pause, except for the short months of winter, during which the labourer prepares for the gathering of another year. And it is only in the winter—busy with the mending and making of nets—that the sardine-fishers of Concarneau, the great fishing town of the French Finisterre, cease their labours, which Mr. Toovey has just made the subject of a series of etchings, published by Messrs. F. S. Nichols & Co. During the long season of harvest, the flights of boats take wing morning and evening, for daywork and nightwork, on the tenderly tinted blue westward sea of those coasts. Four or five thousand boats bring their stores to the prosperous but by no means temperate town. Each is manned by six men and a boy, and the silver freight of each amounts to an average of fifteen thousand. After the counting, the fish are carried to one of the forty *usines*, where they are prepared and cooked in the tins which furnish forth the breakfast tables of the world.

Mr. Toovey's Etchings show the boats going seaward in the morning, returning in the smooth waters and serene lights of a summer evening, and lying alongside the quay, in the strong sunlight of day. Amongst the most charming qualities of this artist's work is his presentation of light, produced by the simplicity of his treatment of sunny spaces, and by the delicacy with which he indicates the distance of a bright horizon. Here and there he uses something of the "short hand" manner of the great French landscape etchers, but his point seems to be generally employed with the precision of a more deliberate school, which preserves all that it intends to preserve in a subject by the careful selection and rejection of material. But even with all care, Mr. Toovey's work is as fresh and free as it is delicate. It is interesting to note how these Breton places—walled fishing town and inland village—are being formed into a kind of international art-school, where English, French and American artists exchange the experiences of their contemporary studies. The young English landscape-painter especially can seek no better sequel to his work in England than a season of out-door study among his foreign brothers in Brittany.

To the regret of the many who think that Mr. Ruskin's teaching power is confined to the subject of painting, but in the main to the satisfaction of the few who believe, and believe maturely and responsibly, that it extends to the subject of living, his course of lectures at Oxford this session are running as follows: Bertha to Osburga, "The Pleasures of Learning;" Alfred to the Confessor, "The Pleasures of Faith;" The Confessor to Cœur de Lion, "The Pleasures of Deed;" Cœur de Lion to Elizabeth, "The Pleasures of Fancy;" Atheism, "The Pleasures of Sense;" Mechanism, "The Pleasures of Nonsense;" and another more whimsical still. The lectures are included in the large subject, "The Pleasures of

England," and follow upon "The Art of England" of last year. Mr. Ruskin has before this, in "Sesame and Lilies," and in "The Laws of Work" notably, spoken a sentence of warning to the world on account of its amusements, from the burlesques of the London stage and the dances of death in Paris, to the slow firing off of guns with which the drunken Swiss *vigneron* celebrates the blessings of the vintage. His theme now is the larger one of pleasure in the more mental sense.

The first lecture drew the usual overflowing crowd which has necessitated the repetition of every one of Mr. Ruskin's addresses, and would furnish audiences to that repetition given twenty-fold. The lecturer said that in the short review of the present state of English art given them last year, he left necessarily many points untouched, and others unexplained. The seventh lecture, which he did not think it necessary to read aloud, furnished them with some of the corrective statements of which, whether spoken or not, it was extremely desirable that they should estimate the balancing weight. These he proposed in the present course further to illustrate, and to arrive with them at, he hoped, a just—they would not wish it to be a flattering—estimate of the conditions of our English artistic life, past and present, in order that, with due allowance of them, they might determine with some security what those of them who had faculty ought to do, and those who had sensibility to admire. In thus rightly doing and feeling they would find summed a wider duty and granted a greater power than the moral philosophy at this moment current with them had ever conceived; and a prospect open to them, beside, of such a future for England as they might hopefully and proudly labour for with their hands, and those of them who were spared to the ordinary term of human life even see with their eyes when all this tumult of the vain avarice and idle pleasures into which they had been plunged at birth should have passed into its appointed perdition.

The Professor asked them to begin that day the examination with him very earnestly of the question laid before them in the seventh of his last year's lectures, whether London as it is now be indeed the natural and therefore the Heaven-appointed outgrowth of the inhabitation these 1800 years of the valley of the Thames by a progressively instructed and disciplined people, or if not, in what measure and manner the aspect and spirit of the great city might be possibly altered by their acts and thoughts. He had once said, proceeded Professor Ruskin, that every fairly educated European boy or girl ought to learn the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London ; that of London including, or at least compelling, in parallel study some knowledge also of the history of Paris. The history of Athens rightly told included all that need be known of Greek religion and arts ; that of Rome the victory of Christianity over Paganism ; that of Venice some of the essential facts respecting the Christian arts of painting, sculpture, and music ; and that of London, in her sisterhood with Paris, the development of Christian chivalry and philosophy, with their exponent art of Gothic architecture. His purpose in this course of lectures was to illustrate by architecture, the illumination of manuscripts, and some forms of jewellery and metallurgy, the phases of national character which it was impossible that historians should estimate, or even observe, with accuracy, unless they were cognisant of excellence in the modes of structural and ornamental craftsmanship.

In one respect, as indicated by the title chosen for this course, the Professor said he had varied the treatment of the subject from that adopted in all his former books. Hitherto he had always endeavoured to illustrate the personal temper and skill of the artist, but now he approached every question from the people's side, and examined the nature, not of the

special faculties by which the work was produced, but of the general instinct by which it was asked for and enjoyed ; therefore he thought that the proper heading of these papers should represent them as descriptive of the pleasures of England rather than of its arts, and of these pleasures necessarily the leading one was that of learning in the sense of receiving instruction. He had to point out to them that broadly Athens, Rome, and Florence were self-taught and internally developed, while all the Gothic races without any exception, but especially those of London and Paris, were afterwards taught by these, and had therefore, when they chose to accept it, the delight of being instructed without trouble or doubt, as fast as they could read or imitate, and brought forward to the point where their own northern instincts might wholesomely superimpose or graft some national ideas upon these sound instructions. Of the degrees in which it was possible for any barbarous nation to receive during the first five centuries, either the spiritual power of Christianity itself, or the instruction in classic art and science which accompanied it, they could not rightly judge without fixing permanently in their minds the separating characteristics of the greater races both in those who learned and those who taught. Of the Huns and Vandals they need not speak. They were merely forms of punishment and destruction ; let them put them out of their minds altogether, and remember only the names of the immortal nations which abode on their native rocks and ploughed their unconquered plains at this hour. Briefly, in the North, Briton, Norman, Frank, Saxon, Ostrogoth, and Lombard ; in the South, Tuscan, Roman, Greek, Syrian, Egyptian, and Arabian.

Having referred to the characteristics of the races he had named, the Professor alluded to the influence of Rome upon

England in Agricola, Constantius, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory ; of Greece upon England in the artists of Byzantium and Ravenna ; of Syria and Egypt upon England in St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanase. A hundred years later than St. Augustine came the rule of St. Benedict, the monastic rule virtually of European Christianity ever since, and theologically the law of works as distinguished from the law of faith. St. Augustine and all his disciples told Christians what they should feel and think ; St. Benedict and all his disciples told Christians what they should say and do. He would ask them to note broadly the course and action of St. Benedict's rule as it combined with the older one. St. Augustine's, accepted heartily by Clovis and with various degrees of understanding by the kings and queens of the Merovingian dynasty, made seemingly little difference in their conduct, so that their profession of it remains a scandal to Christianity to this day, and yet it lived in the true hearts among them down from St. Clotilde to her great-granddaughter Bertha, who in becoming Queen of Kent built under its chalk downs her own little chapel of St. Martin, and was the first effectively and permanently useful missionary to the Saxons, the beginner of English erudition, the first-laid corner-stone of beautiful English character. The period from Bertha to Osburga—say 250 years—was passed by the Saxon people in the daily more reverent learning of the Christian faith, and daily more peaceful and skilful practice of the humane arts and beauties which it invented and inculcated. He would ask them in his next lecture to regard the missionary power, which is always to England and not from her, and which was wholly Scotch and Irish, and was one of zeal and faith, not of learning.

In his second lecture, having quoted the late Dean Stanley's "History of Westminster Abbey," Mr. Ruskin traced, with only

a slight omission, the story the Dean had told them of the foundation of the Abbey, which was the mother of London, and had ever been the shrine and the throne of English faith and truth. Under the influence of the motives of Edward was fixed what had ever since been the local centre of the English monarchy. It was perfectly true that Edward the Confessor was himself in many respects of really childish temperament, but not therefore, perhaps, less venerable. But the age of which they were examining the progress was by no means represented or governed by men of similar disposition. It was eminently productive of—it was altogether governed, guided, and instructed by—men of the widest and most brilliant faculties, whether constructive or speculative, that the world till then had seen ; men whose acts became the romance, whose thoughts the wisdom, and whose arts the treasure of a thousand years of futurity. He warned then at the close of the last lecture against the too agreeable vanity of supposing that the evangelization of the world began at St. Martin's, Canterbury. Again and again they would indeed find the stream of the Gospel contracting itself into narrow channels, and appearing, after long-concealed filtration through veins of unmeasured rock, with the bright resilience of a mountain spring. But they would find it the only candid, and therefore the only wise, way of research to look in each era of Christendom for the minds of culminating power in all its brotherhood of nations, and, careless of local impulse, momentary zeal, picturesque incident, or vaunted miracle, to fasten their attention upon the force of character in the men whom over each newly converted race Heaven visibly sets for its Shepherds and Kings, to bring forth judgment and victory.

The faith of the Shepherds and Kings then, first, continued Mr. Ruskin, was sincere ; and secondly it was, in a degree few of them could now conceive, joyful. They con-

tinually heard of the trials, sometimes of the victories, of Faith, but scarcely ever of its pleasures ; whereas, at that time, they would find that the chief delight of all good men was in the recognition of the goodness and wisdom of the Master who had come to dwell with them upon earth. It was almost impossible to conceive the vividness of this sense in them ; it was totally impossible for men now to conceive the comfort, peace, and force of it. In everything that men now did or sought, they exposed themselves to countless miseries of shame and disappointment, because in their doing they depended on nothing but their own powers, and in seeking chose only their own gratification. If they had not courage nor heart enough to break away the fetters of earth, and take up the sensual bed of it and walk, if they said they were bound to win this thing, and become the other thing, and that the wishes of their friends, and the interests of their family, and the bias of their genius, and the expectations of their college, and all the rest of the bow-wow-wow of the dog-world must be attended to, whether they liked it or no—then, then at least for shame let them give up talk about being free or independent, and recognize themselves for slaves in whom the thoughts were put in ward to their bodies, and their hearts manacled to their hands ; and then at least for shame, if they would not believe that ever there were men who gave their souls to God, know and confess how surely there were those who sold themselves to His adversary.

Treating that significant theme, "The Pleasures of Faith—Alfred to the Confessor," Professor Ruskin said he pursued the question originally proposed : What London might have been by this time if the nature of the flowers, trees, and children born at the Thames-side had been rightly understood and cultivated. Many of his hearers could imagine far better than

he the look that London must have had in Alfred's and Canute's days. He had not, indeed, the least idea himself what its buildings were like, but certainly the groups of its shipping must have been superb—small, but entirely seaworthy, vessels, manned by the best seamen in the then world. Of course, now at Chatham and Portsmouth they had ironclads—beautiful and beautifully managed things no doubt—to set against this Saxon and Danish shipping; but the Saxon war-ships lay at London shore, bright with banner and shield and dragon prow. Instead of these they had now the coal barge, the penny steamer, and the wherry full of shop boys and girls. They never saw “respectable” people—whatever might be implied by the term—on the river at London. At Henley and Maidenhead, yes; but why not any more at Lambeth?

Of these leaders, Professor Ruskin said he would name to them, as messengers of God and masters of men, five monks and five kings, in whose arms, during the range of swift gainful centuries which we were following, the life of the world lay as a nursling babe. Let them remember, in their successive order of monks, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Martin, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory; of kings—and their national vanity might be surely enough appeased in recognizing two of them for Saxon—Theodoric, Charlemagne, Alfred, Canute, and the Confessor. He then read three passages out of the literal words of these men, without saying whose they were, that they might compare them with the best and most exalted they knew expressing the philosophy, the religion, and the policy of to-day, and then asked them what they now thought in candour and honour of these types of the thought of devotion and of government which, not in words, but pregnant in perpetual fact, animated these which they had been accustomed to call the dark ages. The philosophy was Augustine's, the religion was Alfred's, and the policy

Canute's, and, whatever they might feel respecting the beauty or wisdom of these words, let them be assured of one thing above all—that they were sincere ; and of another, less often observed—that they were joyful. Let them be assured, in the first place, that they were sincere. The ideas of diplomacy and priestcraft were of recent times. No false knight or lying priest ever prospered, he believed, in any age, but certainly not in the dark ones. Men prospered then only in following openly declared purposes, and preaching candidly beloved and trusted creeds. And that they did so prosper with the degree in which they asserted and proclaimed the Christian Gospel might be seen by any of them in their historical reading, however partial, if only they would admit the idea that it could be so, and was likely to be so. They were all of them in the habit of supposing that temporal prosperity was owing either to worldly chance or to worldly prudence, and was never granted in any visible relation to states of religious temper. Let them put that treacherous doubt away from them with disdain, and take for basis of reasoning the noble postulate that the elements of Christian faith were sound, instead of the base one that they were deceptive. Re-read the great story of the world in that light, and see what a vividly real, yet miraculous tenor it would then bear to them.

Such a summary does nothing but note the motive which appeared in the varying aspects and expressions of the speaker's moods throughout his address. The human gaiety, the responsible serenity, the seriousness and truthfulness which give his words so much charm and authority over every sensitive and sincere hearer, will be remembered by all who have heard Mr. Ruskin, and should be experienced by those who have not. It is not without reason that he has added to the influence of his pen the significance of the voice and presence of a master.

Mr. D. C. Thomson is practised both in biography and in the sympathetic literature of art, so that the life of an artist is particularly his subject. His splendid volume of biography and criticism—"Hablôt Knight Browne (Phiz)"—is a complete and careful study of the great caricaturist, accompanied by a singularly interesting series of the artist's etchings, including several trial designs for some of the most famous passages of the novels with which his name is for ever united. We have called Phiz a caricaturist, because his younger and more boisterous work is nothing if not caricature, and even the quieter designs of his more orderly years have a touch of caricature which is their life. In this, as in much else, Phiz had the fire, force, and faults of Dickens; no wonder that with so much harmonious impulse, the two turned the rather excitable heads of their generation. We have no caricaturists now; our humourists are realists, like the rest, and their touch is slight rather than emphatic. Their effectiveness has always some little negative characteristics, which have become almost indispensable to our idea of fine work. But Hogarth had another manner, and the illustrator of "Pickwick" was one of his successors.

In the early days of Phiz's career, his vigorous love of the obviously grotesque so possessed him, that his pencil seemed incapable of beauty, while it insisted upon a kind of ideal of vulgarity and ugliness which it is hard to believe that any living human being ever equalled. Some men have an ideal of beauty or of spirituality of which the reality of this world falls inevitably short. And in the same way Mrs. Bardell and her friends in "Pickwick," Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and others of their kind, must surely have existed, in the delighted imaginations of Dickens and Phiz, as a con-

ception which actual humanity—inevitably redeemed by some little moderation in hideousness, some modification of vulgarity—could never quite fulfill. If our admiration of an ideal so transcendental of its kind has cooled with the passing of time, there yet remains much in Phiz's work that we would fain believe will remain for ever. Mr. Micawber and Pecksniff, for instance, are in the gallery of true portraits of imagination ; so is the little David Copperfield : the hand that drew these was the hand of genius.

Mr. Thomson traces the simple life of the artist with an able pen. He shows us Phiz in the high spirits which belonged not only to his age, but to his time, working abundantly and living simply, but with an easy improvidence. He also shows us the decline of a career once so triumphant, a decline due as much to the change of public taste as to the failure of the artist's health and power. Dickens modified his own manner very sensibly to suit that alteration, and when he modified his manner he changed his illustrator. This was the beginning of the end of Phiz's fame and fortune. Dickens intended a kindness when he chose the rather timid early work of Mr. Marcus Stone to illustrate "Our Mutual Friend" and "Great Expectations," and the unkindness to him who had shared in the triumph of "Bleak House" and "Dombey" was unintended, but it was great. For the last book, the admirable work of a still younger hand—that of Mr. Luke Fildes—was chosen, and the choice was a most happy one for the author and his book. Dickens had moved with the times—not so Phiz, who belonged to a day when no illustrator drew from models, and who very naturally was pushed from his stool by men with modern methods. No ordinary praise is to be given to the form in which Mr. Thomson has presented his most interesting study. The book is a model of quiet luxury,

admirably printed, and so sown with illustrations, great and little, delicately set in the ample page, that the turning of the leaves is a pleasure.

The story published in another page lends additional interest to the following facts and fancies relative to the tenure of land which have recently been gathered together. With the term "peppercorn rent" every one is familiar. Bermeton, in Durham, was held by the service of three grains of pepper yearly; Finchley, in Middlesex, by the annual rent of a pound of pepper; Highgate, in Denbigh, was leased for a term of 500 years at the annual rent of one peppercorn; and for a fortieth part of one knight's fee in the manner of Leyham, in Suffolk, Philippa Ross rendered "one capon and the third part of one capon, and the third part of one pound of pepper." A similar custom was that of Pokerly, in Durham, which lands were held "by one clove on St. Cuthbert's day, in September, for all other services." Still more capricious was the condition under which a farm at Brook House, in Yorkshire, was held by the payment of a "snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas." Roses often appear in these services. Lands in Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, were held by the "service of one chaplet of roses at Christmas." For the manor of Fulmer, in the same county, Sir Marmaduke Darel rendered one red rose yearly; as did Ralph de Belvoir for lands in Mickleham, Surrey; and Sir William Sandes for the manor of Stene and Hinton, in Northampton. Also certain lands at Haine, in Surrey, "were held of the men of Kingston" upon condition of rendering to the said men three clove gilliflowers at the king's coronation.

In the following lines, which the evening paper that publishes them considers "epigrammatic," we have Lord Tennyson's

mind on the present posture of our political affairs. The statesman addressed is, no doubt, Mr. Gladstone :—

“Statesman, be not precipitate in thine act
Of steering ; for the river here, my friend,
Parts in two channels moving to one end ;
This goes straight forward to the cataract,
That streams about the bend ;
But tho’ the cataract seem the nearer way—
Whate’er the crowd on either bank may say,
Take thou the ‘bend,’ ’twill save thee many a day.”

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has, we are glad to see, issued a full report of the striking lecture on the distinctions between the Mediæval and the Modern Craftsman, of which we last month published a report, taken in the ordinary manner, and without the advantage of Mr. Morris’s revision.

(1)

MR. BARRAUD,
263, Oxford Street, London, "Near the Circus."
PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
ENLARGEMENTS AND MINIATURES.



Writing of Mr. Barraud's photographs, Professor

Ruskin, the great Art Critic, says:—

"They are wonderfully and singularly beautiful, and go as far as the art can at the present day, and I do not see it can ever do much better."

[Mr. Barraud's Studio is approached by a Patent Lift, so that no stairs have to be ascended to reach the largest and best fitted studio in Europe.]

Carte-de-Visites, 15s. per doz. Cabinets, 25s. per doz.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MR. BARRAUD, 263, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

- THE YOUNG ENGLAND PARTY; Its Place in our History.** By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With an Etching of Lord Beaconsfield Addressing Parliament.
- THE LIGHT OF THE WEST.** By Colonel BUTLER, C.B.
- BLACKBIRD.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.
- THE RUSTIC OF GEORGE ELIOT AND THOMAS HARDY.** By C. KEGAN PAUL.
- MISS MARTHA'S BAG: A Novelette.** By ALICE CORKRAN.
- A PLEA FOR HEALTH - GUILDS.** By ALAN S. COLE.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE:—DULNESS.** By Mrs. LOFTIE.
- PRIMROSE DAY.** By JOHN OLDCASTLE.
- REVIEWS AND VIEWS.**
- MONUMENTS OF MERRY ENGLAND: ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.** By R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES. With an Etching of the Abbey by TRISTRAM ELLIS.
- LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES.** By ALICE MEYNELL.
- A DOUBTFUL PARISHIONER.** By JOHN OLDCASTLE.
- A ROPEMAKERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.** By JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.
- THE LAW OF THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.** By JOHN GEORGE COX.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: SOCIAL LIABILITY.** By Mrs. LOFTIE.
- DRESS IN MERRY ENGLAND.** By Mrs. HAWES.
- REVIEWS AND VIEWS.**
- HORNY-HANDED BROTHERS: "A Forgotten Chapter in the History of Labour.** By J. G. COX. With an Illustration of "A Cistercian Shepherd," by Mrs. BUTLER, Painter of "The Roll Call."
- IN A BERKSHIRE VILLAGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.** By the Rev. J. F. CORNISH.
- THE STORY OF A PICTURE.** By ALICE MEYNELL. With Nine Illustrations by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, President of the Royal Academy.
- HER BROTHER!** By ROSA MULHOLLAND.
- THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.** By JOHN DENNIS.
- TRAVELLING THOUGHTS ON THE ACROPOLIS.** By Mrs. PFEIFFER.
- THE LONDON SPARROW.** By W. H. HUDSON.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: SMALL-TALK.** By ALICE CORKRAN.
- REVIEWS AND VIEWS.**
- CIRCUITOUS THOUGHTS.** By SPENCER L. HOLLAND. With an Etching of the Royal Law Courts by TRISTRAM ELLIS.
- DORSETSHIRE GHOSTS.** By M. F. BILLINGTON.
- A GIFT OF INTERPRETATION.** By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.
- A FACE IN THE WINDOW.** By ALICE CORKRAN.
- WITH ARIEL.** By A. H. LOUIS.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: SCANDAL.** By Mrs. LYNN LINTON.
- REVIEWS AND VIEWS.**
- ABOUT WESTMINSTER.** By W. J. LOFTIE. With an Etching of Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's by Moonlight, by TRISTRAM ELLIS.
- Lines TO AN OLD LARCH TREE AT CURRAGH CHASE.** By AUBREY DE VERE.
- THE MYSTERIOUS HAMPER.** By HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.
- SPOILT PARENTS.** By E. M. LYNCH.
- A NIGHT WITH THE UNHANGED.** By RICHARD DOWLING.
- IN A CITY BANK.** By A CITY BANKER'S CLERK.
- THE SETTLER'S RECOMPENSE.** By W. H. HUDSON.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: INELEGANCE.** By Mrs. MEYNELL.
- REVIEWS AND VIEWS.**
- WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.** By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Portrait etched by TRISTRAM ELLIS.
- THE YELLOW TRADE IN THE LAST CENTURY.** By JOHN LEYLAND.
- EMPIRE OR FELLOWSHIP? A FORECAST.** By J. G. COX.
- THE COTTAGE ON THE LINE.** By WALTER S. SICHEL.
- THE DEAD SPRING.** By KATHERINE TYNAN.
- A MANCHESTER MUSEUM.** By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.
- HEROINE OR CRIMINAL?** By E. M. LYNCH.
- IN KENT.** By FRANK ABELL.
- BOGEYS OF PROVINCIAL LIFE: HOBBIES.** By Mrs. MEYNELL.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—A pamphlet (80 pages), "How to open respectably from £20," three stamps.—H. Myers and Co., 109 Euston Road, London.—ADVT.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

COURAGE. By the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Illustrated by Mrs. BUTLER.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By ALICE MEYNELL.

A SOCIAL SURVEY, by SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. With Comments by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE.

RUSSIAN SCANDAL: a Novelette. By AMES SAVILE.

A BOY'S CLUB. By JAMES BRITTEN.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With an Etched Portrait of Sir John Lubbock. By M. DAMMAN.

MASTER AND MAN: A Possible Solution of the Labour Riddle. By ALICE CORKRAN.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES. By U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

THE ABBOT'S GOLD: A Legend of Furness. By HUBERT HALL.

A TALK ABOUT COOKERY IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE.

MEMORIES IN MUSIC. By WILFRID WARD.

SONNET. By JOHN OLDCASTLE.

A HAUNTED HOUSE. By A LADY WHO LIVED IN IT.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

A DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN. By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Portrait of the Princess ALICE: drawn by ADRIAN STOKES.

MUSIC IN THE EAST END. By Lady COLIN CAMPBELL.

A QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Sir SHERSTON BAKER, Bart.

A DUCHESS'S SECRET. By ANDREW LANG.

MOTHER AND CHILD. By J. G. COX.

A POET'S SONNET. By ALICE MEYNELL.

A PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS. By Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE AND FAITH. By JOHN OLDCASTLE. With a Portrait of Major-General GORDON.

CONSISTENCY. By the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

ST. GEORGE FOR SHEFFIELD! By BERNARD WHELAN.

A JAUNT WITH JUSTICE. By a JUDGE'S MARSHAL.

AT THE ROYAL VIC. By E. N. PAGET.

SCIENCE AND SIMPLICITY! A Story from the Paris Hospitals. By M. NADAR.

THE SOCIAL DISTRESS. By W. ROBERTS.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. By W. J. LOFTIE. With an Etching, by TRISTRAM ELLIS.

POETESSES. By ALICE MEYNELL.

AMATEUR ART AT HOME: A Plea for Familiar Beauty. By JOHN LEYLAND.

THE DOCTOR'S GUEST: a Novelette. By ALICE CORKRAN.

HAND LORE. By E. M. LYNCH.

A SYMPHONY OF SONNETS. By Mrs. PFEIFFER.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP. By EDWIN DE LISLE. With a Portrait.

AMONG THE TOMBS. By Rev. J. F. CORNISH.

CAT AND DOG. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

A DEVONSHIRE RELIC. By Sr. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

THE DEMON OF THE PIT. By Rev. F. LANGBRIDGE.

A BACHELOR'S SOLACE. By F. WYVILLE HOME.

THE EARLY MEDICUS. By HUBERT HALL.

REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

Of the **Series of Essays by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster**, five have already appeared, namely : "COURAGE," "CONSISTENCY," "HONOUR," "GOS-
SIP," and "VANITY;" and they will be followed by Papers from the same pen on "SELFISHNESS," "POPULARITY," "PRIDE" and "THE FOURTH ESTATE."

Among other Contributors to "Merry England" are :

GEORGE AITCHISON, A.R.A.	REV. F. LANGBRIDGE.
SIR SHERSTON BAKER, Bart.	ANDREW LANG.
COLONEL W. F. BUTLER.	W. J. LOFTIE.
MRS. VERNON BLACKBURN.	MRS. LOFTIE.
R. D. BLACKMORE.	MRS. LYNN LINTON.
JAMES BRITTEN.	A. H. LOUIS.
LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.	E. M. LYNCH.
REV. R. F. CLARKE.	JOHN LEYLAND.
MISS ALICE CORKRAN.	ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.
JOHN GEORGE COX.	MRS. MEYNELL.
ALAN S. COLE.	MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND.
REV. J. F. CORNISH.	JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.
HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.	JOHN OLDCASTLE.
AUBREY DE VERE.	C. KEGAN PAUL.
EDWIN DE LISLE.	MISS E. N. PAGET.
JOHN DENNIS.	FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.
RICHARD DOWLING.	MRS. PFEIFFER.
TRISTRAM ELLIS.	WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.
HUBERT HALL.	MISS U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.
MRS. HAWEIS.	GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
W. H. HUDSON.	MISS KATHERINE TYNAN.
SPENCER HOLLAND.	WILFRID WARD.
PROFESSOR KERR.	BERNARD WHELAN.
R. B. S. KNOWLES.	POWNOLL WILLIAMS.

*WITH NUMEROUS ETCHINGS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS
BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., MRS. BUTLER, TRISTRAM
ELLIS, AND ADRIAN STOKES.*

St. Anselm's Society

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF GOOD BOOKS.

FOUNDED A.D. 1860,

With the Sanction and Blessing of the Holy See, and under the Patronage of
THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER AND
THE ENGLISH HIERARCHY.

President: THE LORD PETRE.

Vice-Presidents: THE LORD GERARD. THE LORD HERRIES.

Council:—Rev. G. AKERS; W. A. BLOUNT, Esq.; GEORGE BLOUNT, Esq.; JAMES BRITTEN, Esq.; Rev. Father CLARKE, S.J.; Rev. Dr. GRAHAM; Rev. A. B. GURDON; Rev. E. ENGLISH; STUART KNILL, Esq.; W. H. LYALL, Esq.; Rev. S. MCDANIEL; W. MEYNELL, Esq.; A. NEWDIGATE, Esq.; ORBY SHIPLEY, Esq.; Hon. and Right Rev. G. TALBOT; E. H. THOMPSON, Esq.; F. WEGG-PROSSER, Esq.

Hon. Secretary: CANON WENHAM.

Society's Depository:

5, AGAR STREET (CLOSE TO THE STRAND AT CHARING CROSS).

MR. J. A. FAGAN, *Manager*.

The object of the Society is to bring before all concerned in Education the great mischief that is being done by cheap bad literature, both to the faith and morals of our people.

But the evil consequences of unrestrained and indiscriminate reading cannot be checked effectually unless the taste is formed and the conscience educated through an intelligent knowledge of *good* literature.

The Office of this Society is therefore to assist all who are concerned in the welfare of the poor, and still more the education of the young, by supplying information respecting pure literature of all kinds suitable to the wants of different classes of readers

It supplies Lists of Selected Books suitable for—

1. Prizes in Colleges, Convents, and Elementary Schools.
2. Libraries in Higher and Convent Schools, Mission Libraries, and elementary Schools.
3. Spiritual Reading and Religious Instruction.

It does not propose an exclusive use of Catholic Books, or to leave young people in an ignorance of the current or standard literature of the day; since, even if this were desirable, it could not be maintained. But it proposes, by making a selection, to give them an acquaintance with the best Books of each kind, teaching them to walk alone and take care of themselves, to be well informed and intelligent in literary knowledge, but still more in religious knowledge.

The Lists have no authority, but the books have been selected by a variety of persons competent to judge, and whose judgment must command respect. The Lists, however, are open to revision, correction, and enlargement.

Specimens of the Selected Books will be kept at the Depository, and the Books will be supplied if desired, but the Society has no interest in the sale of any particular Book.

Subscriptions are urgently needed for defraying the first expenses of the Depository, for printing the Classified Lists, as well as for enabling the Society to make Grants of Books to various Institutions, such as Workhouses and Hospitals, and to Poor Missions, from which several applications have been received.

Subscriptions are received at the Depository, or may be sent to the Secretary, or paid in to the London and County Bank, Richmond Branch.

PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.
To **SAVE!!!** FOR LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS
Write to the

BRADFORD
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.



Post Free, a collection of Patterns, comprising the most wonderful assortment of Home-manufactured Dress Fabrics for the present season ever offered to the Public, embracing a Marvellous Combination of Beautiful Designs and Colourings in a Great Variety of Materials. Any Length Cut at Mill Prices. All Parcels over £1 carriage paid. Note Address, and mention *Merry England* when writing. ALL INTERMEDIATE PROFITS GIVEN TO THE PURCHASER!!!

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

Eighth Edition.
55th Thousand.

(AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE CHEST)

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW REMEDY.

Illustrated by Numerous Cases pronounced incurable.

By **EDWIN W. ALABONE,**
M.D., M.R.C.S. ENG., F.R.M.S.

Price 5s. Post Free from the Author.

Address:—Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

Worcestershire **HALF PRICE** *Holbrook & Co's* **Sauce**

ECONOMY!

FRUGALITY!

WHEN BUYING

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

SAVE HALF THE COST BY PURCHASING

HOLBROOK'S.

Sold by all Grocers and Oilmen.

London Offices—165, Gresham House, E.C.

NO. 64, CORNHILL.

PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!

THE
Railway Passengers' Assurance Company

INSURES AGAINST

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS, ON LAND OR WATER,

AND HAS

THE LARGEST INVESTED CAPITAL, THE LARGEST INCOME,

AND PAYS YEARLY

THE LARGEST AMOUNT OF COMPENSATION
OF ANY ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Chairman - - **HARVEY M. FARQUHAR, Esq.**

Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or

WEST END OFFICE—

8, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, CHARING CROSS,

OR AT THE

Head Office—64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.